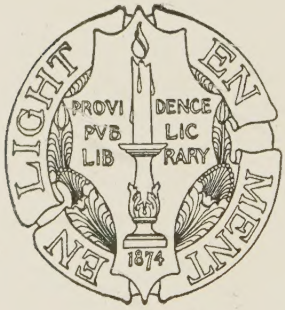
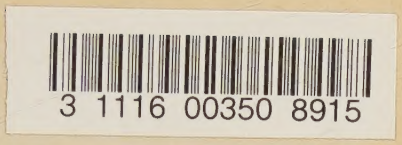
PROVIDENCE PUBLIC LIBRARY
Boys' and Girls' Library



+ + +

1. [redacted]
2. Overdue charges are 1 cent a day on children's cards and cost of recovery.
3. Books lost or damaged must be paid for by the holder of the card on which they were issued.



last copy collection

CHILDREN'S DEPT.

MAR 7 1979

DISCARDED

A BAKER'S DOZEN

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2023 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

https://archive.org/details/bakersdozen0000mary

A BAKER'S DOZEN

THIRTEEN STORIES TO TELL AND TO READ ALOUD

SELECTED BY
MARY GOULD DAVIS

DECORATED BY
EMMA BROCK

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY

NEW YORK

SEP -2 '44

COPYRIGHT, 1930, BY
HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY, INC.

[e·5·44]

A WARTIME BOOK

This complete edition is produced in full compliance with the government's regulations for conserving paper and other essential materials.

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

TO

THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF NEW YORK—

WHO

LISTENED

CONTENTS

THE HUNGRY OLD WITCH 1
from TALES FROM SILVER LANDS *by Charles J. Finger*

THE HARE THAT RAN AWAY 21
from EASTERN STORIES AND LEGENDS *by Marie L. Shedlock*

THE RAT-CATCHER'S DAUGHTER 29
from A DOORWAY IN FAIRYLAND *by Laurence Housman*

THE WHITE HORSE GIRL AND THE BLUE WIND BOY 41
from ROOTABAGA STORIES *by Carl Sandburg*

NUMSKULL AND THE RABBIT 51
from THE PANCHATANTRA, *translated by Arthur W. Ryder*

THE STONE LION 63
from TALES FROM TIMBUKTU *by Constance Smedley*

THE PUMPKIN GIANT 81
from THE POT OF GOLD *by Mary E. Wilkins*

TING-A-LING'S VISIT TO TURILIRA 101
from TING LING TALES *by Frank R. Stockton*

KURATKO THE TERRIBLE 127
from THE SHOEMAKER'S APRON *by Parker Fillmore*

CONTENTS

A CHINESE FAIRY TALE 135
from MOONSHINE AND CLOVER *by Laurence Housman*

HUNGRY HANS 153
from THE FAT OF THE CAT *by Gottfried Keller, translated by Louis Untermeyer*

MIGHTY MIKKO 169
from MIGHTY MIKKO *by Parker Fillmore*

THE LEGEND OF SCARFACE 189
from BLACKFOOT LODGE TALES *by George Bird Grinnell*

A FOREWORD

EACH story of this Baker's Dozen has stood the test of the children's interest and approval. They have all been told again and again to the boys and girls who come to the public libraries of New York for the Story Hour. When we who tell them think of the stories, we look to the children to give us a sense of their value. We cannot read Charles Finger's "The Hungry Old Witch," for instance, without seeing in our mind's eye the Children's Room of one of the branch libraries that faces on a park on a Hallowe'en night—the wide windows open to the frosty air and a sense of the witches flying across the autumn sky, the candlelight and firelight playing on intent faces and, in the background, the great shadowy room so familiar by daylight but filled now to its farthest corner with mystery and expectation. It is the story itself that builds this atmosphere, the Old Witch's chant as it rises and falls under the tree that stands be-

tween the lake and the jungle. Every word makes a picture of strange and faraway things. And forever after the book has a quality that links it with this Hallowe'en night.

No story-teller, however experienced, can foretell just what will happen to the tale that he tells. Whatever there is in it of drama, of charm, or of humor goes out to meet the varying qualities that the children bring to their listening. And from that blending comes the true knowledge of the story's value.

A stimulating adventure for any story-teller is the telling of the stories from Arthur Ryder's translation of the Panchatantra. Not all of them, of course. Some are far beyond the comprehension of a child. But that the wit and the wisdom of these old tales strike home to the minds of boys and girls is proven by their faces when you tell them the story that is given here in this book. It is not only the action and the characters that appeal to them. It is the words themselves. In the scene where the animals select the victim for Numskull's daily feast, the words, "Each species taking its turn and providing an individual grown old, or

eligious, or grief-smitten, or fearful of the loss of on or wife," bring a gleam of amusement to more han one pair of eyes! The wording of these sto- ies is a vital part of them.

This is not always true, however. In some of the olk-tales it is a real adventure to inflect and vary he wording, while we leave unchanged the sure tructure of the tale that lies underneath. In 'Mighty Mikko," for example, the dialogue be- ween the King and the Little Fox can be made as vhimsical, as witty as the true French story-teller nakes the dialogue between the Wolf and "Le 'etit Chaperon Rouge." On the other hand, with story like George Bird Grinnell's version of Scar- ace the temptation to vary the wording, or even o inflect, is discarded because of its dignity, the low, rhythmic fall of the sentences. As this In- ian hero follows the trail westward toward the etting sun it is as if his journey opened up the ast drama of the westward movement of our pio- eers. This is more than a folk-tale—it is epic his- ory. And only strong, simple words, simply and irectly spoken, can give it its true value. The ame feeling holds with Marie L. Shedlock's re-

telling of the Buddha story, "The Hare That Ran Away." A student's respect for the integrity of the tale and the sure, light touch of an artist have made this version of the old legend what it is. No story-teller can afford to change a word of it. In "Kuratko" and in Constance Smedley's "The Stone Lion" inflection and variation can play their part without injuring the story in the least. All of us who have told it know what fun it is to vary the dialogue between the Terrible Chick and his victims, working it up skillfully to the climax in his fatal meeting with Katsor. And when the Stone Lion opens his grim mouth there on the mountain side, it is sheer joy to put as much drama as possible into every word that falls from it.

It would seem logical to add to this group of stories that have won the children's approval one from Howard Pyle's *The Wonder Clock*. But those of us who know what this book means to boys and girls hesitate to take one story from the "perfect whole." From the first word of that happy preface, "I put on my dream-cap one day and stepped into Wonderland," to the last striking of the Old Clock, there is a unity to this book that

stays our hand. We can *tell* one of the stories, leaving the children to find the others for themselves. But to print one of them without the Clock and without Howard Pyle's inimitable drawings seems, somehow, illogical. This is true, too, of Rudyard Kipling's *Jungle Book* and the *Just So Stories*. Of his *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies* there is so much to say from a story-teller's point of view that we dare not begin on it here! In our opinion, the most difficult story to tell in this collection is Carl Sandburg's "The White Horse Girl and the Blue Wind Boy." It must be memorized, and the story-teller must have a sense of rhythm and a voice flexible enough to bring out the absolute rightness of every word.

"The early morning wind is strong as the prairie and whatever I tell it I know it believes and remembers . . . , and the night wind with the big dark curves of the sky in it, the night wind gets inside of me and understands all my secrets. And the blue wind of the times between, in the dusk when it is neither night nor day, this is the wind that asks me questions and tells me to wait and it will bring me whatever I want."

Watching the children listen, when this story is told as it should be, we are reminded of an audience in some vast stadium listening to one of the great symphonies. Individual response is gone now, and in its place is an absolute *unity* of listening. Upon them all, different as they are in background, in mental and physical makeup, the effect is much the same. This magical gift with words—a poet's gift—and his whimsical humor are the qualities that draw the children to Carl Sandburg. From the Huckabuck Family to Abraham Lincoln, how much he has added to America's heritage in song and story!

It is to Frank R. Stockton that the story-teller goes for a festive occasion. When the birthday candles are lighted or the Christmas greens hang on the walls his stories strike just the right note. His whimsy, his kindliness, his vigorous and absurd exaggeration, bring to the feast a quality that the children never forget. He creates the spirit of laughter for today, and for tomorrow a happy memory.

Laurence Housman's two books, *Moonshine and Clover* and *A Doorway in Fairyland*, belong on

the story-teller's shelf. His stories are not especially difficult to tell, and his skill as a writer makes these records of "A Land Across the Border" seem always authentic and convincing. They are the true romance and in them nothing is impossible.

"Three things are needed—a handful of courage, a mouthful of silence, and a capful of moonshine," says the old faggot-maker in one of these tales. The first and third of these three things make a fairly good recipe for a story-teller. And, unless we have the true gift of story-telling, we might do worse than ask for the second thing, too!

MARY GOULD DAVIS.

New York,
November, 1929.

THE HUNGRY OLD WITCH

BY

CHARLES J. FINGER

THE HUNGRY OLD WITCH[1]

SHE WAS a witch, she was very old, and she was always hungry, and she lived long ago near a forest where now is Uruguay, and just in the corner where Brazil and Argentina touch. They were the days when mighty beasts moved in the marshes and when strange creatures with wings like bats flew in the air. There were also great worms then, so strong that they bored through mountains and rocks as an ordinary worm makes its way through clay. The size and the strength of the old witch may be guessed when you know that she once caught one of the giant worms and killed it for the sake of the stone in its head. And there is this about the stone—it is green in color and shaped like an arrowhead a little blunted, and precious for those

[1] From *Tales from Silver Lands* by Charles Finger. Copyrighted, 1924 by Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc.

who know the secret, because he who has one may fly through the air between sunrise and sunset, but never in the night.

The old witch had another secret thing. It was a powder, and the knowledge of how to make it was hers alone and is now lost. All that is known of it is that it was made from the dried bodies of tree-frogs mixed with goat's milk. With it she could, by sprinkling a little of it where wanted, make things grow wonderfully. She could also turn plants to animals with it, or change vines into serpents, thorn-bushes into foxes, little leaves into ants. Living creatures she also changed, turning cats into jaguars, lizards into alligators, and bats into horrible flying things.

This old witch had lived for hundreds of years, so long indeed that the memory of men did not know a time when she was not, and fathers and grandfathers and great-grandfathers all had the same tale to tell of how she had always devoured cattle and pigs and goats, making no account at all of carrying off in one night all the animals of a village. To be sure, some had tried to fight her by shooting arrows, but it was of no use, for by her

magic the shafts were bent into a shape like a letter V as soon as they touched her. So in time it came about that men would put outside the village in a corral one half of what they had raised in a year, letting the old witch take it, hoping that thus she would leave them in peace.

At last there grew up a lad, a sober fellow of courage, who said little and thought much, and he refused to take animals to the corral when the time came for the old witch to visit that place.

When the people asked him his reason for refusing he said that he had had a dream in which he saw himself as a bird in a cage, but when he had been there a little while a sweet climbing vine had grown up about the cage and on this vine was a white flower which twisted its way in between the bars. Then, as he looked at it, the flower changed to a smiling maiden who held a golden key in her hand. This key she had given to him and with it he had opened the door of the cage. So, he went on to say, both he and the maiden had gone away. What the end of the dream was he did not know, for at that point he had wakened with the sound of singing and music in his ears, from which

he judged that all turned out well, though he had not seen the end of it.

Because of this dream and what it might betoken he said that he would not put anything in the corral for the old witch, but instead would venture forth and seek her out, to the end that the land might be free from her witcheries and evil work. Nor could any persuade him to the contrary.

"It is not right," he said, "that we should give away for nothing that which we have grown and tended and learned to love, nor is it right that we should feed and fatten the evil thing that destroys us."

So the wise men of that place named the lad by a word which means Stout Heart, and because he was loved by all, many trembled and turned pale when the morning came on which he took his lance and alone went off into the forest, ready for whatever might befall.

For three days Stout Heart walked, and at last came to a place all grassy and flowery, where he sat down by the side of a lake under a tree. He was tired, for he had walked far that day and found that slumber began to overtake him. That was well

enough, for he was used to sleep under the bare heavens, but with his slumber came confused dreams of harmful things which he seemed to see coming out of the ground, so he climbed into the tree, where he found a resting-place among the branches and was soon asleep.

While he slept there came to the side of the lake the old witch, who cast her basket-net into the water and began to fish, and as she fished she sang in a croaking and harsh voice this:

"Things in the air,
Things in the water—
Nothing is fair,
So come to the slaughter."

They were not the words, but that is what the words meant. But unpleasant as was the song, yet it worked a kind of charm, and things came to her, so that her basket-net was filled again and again. The fish she cast into a kind of wicker cage, of which she had several.

Soon the croaking song chased sleep from the eyes of Stout Heart, and looking down, he saw the wrinkled crone and the great pile of fish that she

had cast on the bank, and his heart was grieved for two things—one that there was such waste of good life, the other that he had left his spear hidden in the grass. He grieved too, a little, because he knew that on account of his long walk he was weak from hunger and thirst. So there seemed little that could be done and he sat very still, trusting that until he was better prepared for action the old witch would not see him.

But all his stillness was of no avail. Looking at the shadow of the tree as it lay upon the surface of the water, she saw the lad's shadow. Then she looked up and saw him. Had she had her magic green stone with her, things would have been far different and this tale all the shorter. But not having it and being quite unable to climb trees, she said, "You are faint and hungry. Come down, come down, good lad, for I have much here that is good to eat."

Hearing that, Stout Heart laughed, knowing that she was not to be trusted, and he told her that he was very well indeed where he was. So she tried another trick, spreading on the grass fruits and berries, and saying in a wheedling voice, "Come, son,

eat with me. I do not like to eat alone. Here are fresh fruits and here is honey. Come down that I may talk with you and treat you as a son, for I am very lonesome."

But Stout Heart still laughed at her, although, to be sure, he was a lad of great appetite and his hungriness increased in him.

"Have you any other trap to set for me?" he asked.

Hearing that, the witch fell into a black and terrible rage, dancing about and gnashing her teeth, frothing at the mouth and hooking her long nails at him like a cat, and the sight of her was very horrible, but the lad kept his heart up and was well content with his place in the tree, the more as he saw her great strength. For in her rage she plucked a great rock the size of a man's body from the earth where it was sunk deep, and cast it at the tree with such force that the tree shook from root to tip.

For a moment the old witch stood with knit brows, then she went on her hands and knees and fell to gathering up blades of grass until she had a little heap. All the time she was cursing and

groaning, grumbling and snarling like a cat. When she had gathered enough grass she stood up and began to sprinkle a grayish powder over the grass heap, and as she did this she talked mumblingly, saying:

"Creep and crawl—creep and crawl!
Up the tree-trunk, on the branch.
Creep and crawl—creep and crawl!
Over leaf and over twig.
Seek and find the living thing.
Pinch him, bite him, torture him.
Creep and crawl—creep and crawl!
Make him drop like rotting fruit."

So she went on, moving about in a little circle and sprinkling the powder over the grass. Presently the pile of grass began to move as if it hid some living thing, and soon the grass blades became smaller, rounded themselves, and turned brown. Then from them shot out fine hair-like points which became legs, and so each separate leaf turned to an ant. To the tree they scurried and up the trunk they swarmed, a little army marching over every leaf and twig until the green became

brown, and louder and louder the old witch screamed, waving her arms the while:

"Creep and crawl—creep and crawl!
Up the tree-trunk, on the branch.
Creep and crawl—creep and crawl!"

The nearer to Stout Heart that they came, the louder she shrieked, leaping about and waving her long-taloned hands as she ordered, "Seek and find the living thing."

Then Stout Heart knew that trouble was brewing indeed, for against so many enemies there was no fighting. For a time he avoided them, but for a time only, and that by going higher and higher in the tree, crawling along the branch that hung over the lake, but nearer and nearer the ants came, and louder she bade them to "pinch him, bite him, torture him."

At last there was nothing for it but to drop out of the tree, for he had been hanging to the end of a branch and the ants were already swarming over his hands and some running down his arms. So he let go his hold and went into the lake with a splash, down out of the sunshine and into the cool

green-blue of the waters. He swam a little, trying to get out of the way before coming up, but had to put his head out soon to get a breath. Then suddenly he seemed to be in the middle of something that was moving about strangely, and it was with a sudden leaping of the heart that he found himself in the old witch's basket-net being drawn ashore. To be sure, he struggled and tried to escape, but it was of no use. What with her magic and her strength, he was no more in her hands than is a little fish in the hands of a man. He was all mixed up with other lake things, with fish and with scum, with water-beetles and sticky weed, with mud and with wriggling creatures, and presently he found himself toppled head foremost into a basket, all dazed and weak. It was dark there, but by the bumping he knew that he was being carried somewhere.

Soon he was tumbled into an evil-smelling place and must have fallen into a trance, or slept. Again, he may not have known what passed because of the old witch's enchantments, for when he came to himself he did not know whether he had been there for a long time or a little. But soon he made out

that he was in a stone house and through a small hole in the wall saw that the place where the house stood was bare of grass and full of great gray rocks, and he remembered his dream and thought that it was all very unlike what had really happened.

But in that he was not altogether right, for while he was in no cage and no twining vine with glorious flower was there, yet there was something else. For after a little while a door opened, and he saw standing in a light that nearly blinded him with its brightness a maiden full of winning grace, and light and slender, who stretched out her hand to him and led him out of the dark into a great hall of stone with a vast fireplace. Then having heard his story, which brought tears to her blue eyes, she opened a lattice and showed him a little room where he might hide.

"For," said she, "I also was brought to this place long ago, and when I came the old witch killed one who was her slave before me. But before she died she told me the story of the green stone which the witch has, and also how were used the magic powders. Since then I have been here alone and

have been her slave. But now she will kill me and will keep you for her servant until she tires of you, when she will catch another. And so it has been for many, many years, and each one that dies has told the power of the green stone to the other, though none had dared to use it."

Now hearing all that, Stout Heart was all for running away at once and taking the maiden from that dreadful place, but just as he opened his mouth to speak there came to their ears the voice of the old witch.

"Hide then," said the maiden, "and all may yet go well. For I must go to get the green stone by means of which we may fly. With you I will dare. Alone I was afraid to venture."

Even then he hesitated and did not wish to hide, but she thrust him into a little room and closed the door. Through the wall he heard the witch enter and throw a pile of wood on the hearth.

"I have a new prize," said the ogress. "You I have fattened long enough and now you must be my meal. One slave at a time is enough for me, and the lad will do. Go then, fetch pepper and salt, red pepper and black, and see to it that

you lose no time, for I am hungry and cannot wait."

The girl went into another room, and the witch fell on her knees and began to build a roaring fire. Soon the maiden reëntered, but running lightly, and as she passed the old woman she cast on her some of the magic powder which she had brought instead of salt and pepper. The hag had no idea that it was the powder that the girl had thrown, and thinking that she had been careless with the salt and pepper began to scold her, then getting to her feet took her by the hair, opened the door of the little room in which Stout Heart was, and little knowing that the lad was there cast her in, screaming, "Stay there, useless one, until I am ready to roast you."

The maiden thrust the green stone into the hands of Stout Heart and at once they flew through the window and out under the arch of the sky. As for the old witch, the powder did its work and she began to swell so that she could not pass out of any of the doors. But presently the boy and girl, from a height at which they could see below them the narrow valley and the witch house, saw that

the old hag was struggling to get out by way of the roof.

The two lost no time then. They flew swift and high. But swift too was the witch. Her growing had finished and out over the top of the house she burst, and seeing the escaping pair, began to run in the direction they had taken.

So there was much speeding both in the air and on the earth, and unlucky it was for the two that the green stone allowed those who carried it to fly only in the daytime. All this the maiden told Stout Heart as they flew. The old witch well remembered that at night there was no power in the flying stone and was gleeful in her wicked old heart as she watched the sun and the lengthening shadows. So she kept on with giant strides and leapings, and going at such a rate that she was always very nigh under the two in the air. No deer, no huanaco, could have bounded lighter over the ground than she did, and no ostrich could have moved swifter.

When the sun began to drop in the western sky, and he and she were looking at one another with concern as they flew, the maiden bethought her of a plan, and scattering some of the magic powder

on the earth, she rejoiced to see that the leaves on which the powder fell turned into rabbits. The sight of that the witch could not resist, and she stopped a moment to catch some of the little animals and swallow them; so a little time was won for the fliers.

But the hungry old witch soon went on and regained the time she had lost and was under them again, running as fast as ever. So more powder was scattered, this time on some thorn-bushes, which changed to foxes. Again the old woman stopped to eat, and the two gained a little. But the sun was lower and they found themselves dropping ever nearer to the earth, flying indeed but little higher than the tree-tops, and as they saw, the old witch in her leaps lacked but little of touching them.

Ahead of them was the lake in which Stout Heart had been caught, the waters red as blood with the light of the western sky, but the power of the stone was failing with the waning day, and of the powder they had but a small handful left. As for the witch, so near was she that they could hear her breathing, could almost imagine that they felt her terrible claws in their garments.

On the bank of the lake the last handful of the magic powder was cast, and they saw the grass turn to ants and the stones to great turtles as they passed over the water, but so low that their feet almost touched the surface of the lake. The power of the stone was growing weak.

The old witch, seeing the turtles, stopped to swallow them, shells and heads, and that gave the youth and maiden time enough to reach the opposite shore, where the power of the stone was quite exhausted as the sun touched the rim of the earth. The gentle maiden clung to Stout Heart in great fear then as they saw the old witch plunge into the lake, for she could travel on water as fast as she could on land. Indeed, the fearful old woman cut through the waters so swiftly that a great wave leaped up on either side of her, and it was clear that before the sun had gone she would have her claws in the two friends.

But when she was in the middle of the lake the weight of the turtles she had swallowed began to bear her down. In vain she struggled, making a great uproar and lashing her hands and feet so furiously that the water became hot and a great steam

rose up. Her force was spent and the turtles were like great stones within her, so she sank beneath the water, and was seen no more.

Great was the joy of the people when Stout Heart brought the maiden to his home, for she became his wife and was loved by all there as the fairest woman among them.

THE HARE THAT RAN AWAY

BY

MARIE L. SHEDLOCK

SEP -2 '44

THE HARE THAT RAN AWAY[1]

AND it came to pass that the Buddha (to be) was born again as a Lion. Just as he had helped his fellow men, he began now to help his fellow animals, and there was a great deal to be done. For instance, there was a little nervous Hare who was always afraid that something dreadful was going to happen to her. She was always saying, "Suppose the Earth were to fall in, what would happen to me?" And she said this so often that at last she thought it really was about to happen. One day when she had been saying over and over again, "Suppose the Earth were to fall in, what would happen to me?" She heard a slight noise; it was really only a heavy fruit that had fallen upon a rustling leaf, but that little Hare was so nervous

[1] Taken by permission from Marie Shedlock's *Eastern Stories and Legends*. Published and copyrighted by E. P. Dutton and Company, Inc.

she was ready to believe anything, and she said in a frightened tone, "The Earth *is* falling in." She ran away as fast as she could go, and presently she met an old brother Hare, who said, "Where are you running to, Mistress Hare?"

And the little Hare said, "I have no time to stop and tell you anything. The Earth is falling in, and I am running away."

"The Earth is falling in, is it?" said the old brother Hare in a tone of much astonishment; and he repeated this to *his* brother hare, and *he* to *his* brother hare, and *he* to *his* brother hare, until at last there were a hundred thousand brother hares all shouting, "The Earth is falling in." Now presently the bigger animals began to take the cry up. First the deer, and then the sheep, and then the wild boar, and then the buffalo, and then the camel, and then the tiger, and then the elephant.

Now the wise Lion heard all this noise and wondered at it. "There are no signs," he said, "of the Earth falling in. They must have heard something." And then he stopped them all short and said, "What is this you are saying?"

And the Elephant said, "I remarked that the Earth was falling in."

"How do you know this?" asked the Lion.

"Why, now I come to think of it, it was the Tiger that remarked it to me." And the Tiger said, "I had it from the Camel," and the Camel said, "I had it from the Buffalo." And the buffalo from the wild boar, and the wild boar from the sheep, and the sheep from the deer, and the deer from the hares; and the Hares said, "Oh, *we* heard it from *that* little Hare!"

And the Lion said, "Little Hare, *what* made you say that the Earth was falling in?"

And the little Hare said, "I *saw* it."

"You saw it?" said the Lion. "Where?"

"Yonder, by the tree."

"Well," said the Lion, "come with me and I will show you how—"

"No, no," said the Hare, "I would not go near that tree for anything. I'm *so* nervous."

"But," said the Lion, "I am going to take you on my back."

And he took her on his back, and begged the animals to stay where they were until they returned.

Then he showed the little Hare how the fruit had fallen upon the leaf, making the noise that had frightened her, and she said, "Yes, I see—the Earth is *not* falling in." And the Lion said, "Shall we go back and tell the other animals?"

And they went back. The little Hare stood before the other animals and said, "The Earth is *not* falling in." And all the animals began to repeat this one to another, and they dispersed gradually, and you could hear the words more and more softly: "The Earth is *not* falling in," etc., etc., etc., until the sound died away altogether.

THE RAT-CATCHER'S DAUGHTER

BY

LAURENCE HOUSMAN

THE RAT-CATCHER'S DAUGHTER[1]

ONCE upon a time there lived an old rat-catcher who had a daughter, the most beautiful girl that had ever been born. Their home was a dirty little cabin; but they were not so poor as they seemed, for every night the rat-catcher took the rats he had cleared out of one house and let them go at the door of another, so that on the morrow he might be sure of a fresh job.

His rats got quite to know him, and would run to him when he called; people thought him the most wonderful rat-catcher, and could not make out how it was that a rat remained within reach of his operations.

Now any one can see that a man who practiced so cunning a roguery was greedy beyond the in-

[1] Taken by permission from Laurence Housman's *A Doorway in Fairyland*. Published by Harcourt, Brace and Company.

tentions of Providence. Every day, as he watched his daughter's beauty increase, his thoughts were: "When will she be able to pay me back for all the expense she has been to me?" He would have grudged her the very food she ate, if it had not been necessary to keep her in the good looks which were some day to bring him his fortune. For he was greedier than any gnome after gold.

Now all good gnomes have this about them: they love whatever is beautiful, and hate to see harm happen to it. A gnome who lived far away underground below where stood the rat-catcher's house, said to his fellows: "Up yonder is a man who has a daughter; so greedy is he, he would sell her to the first comer who gave him gold enough! I am going up to look at her."

So one night, when the rat-catcher set a trap, the gnome went and got himself caught in it. There in the morning, when the rat-catcher came, he found a funny little fellow, all bright and golden, wriggling and beating to be free.

"I can't get out!" cried the little gnome. "Let me go!"

The rat-catcher screwed up his mouth to look

virtuous. "If I let you out, what will you give me?"

"A sack full of gold," answered the gnome, "just as heavy as myself—not a pennyweight less!"

"Not enough!" said the rat-catcher. "Guess again!"

"As heavy as you are!" cried the gnome, beginning to plead in a thin, whining tone.

"I'm a poor man," said the rat-catcher; "a poor man mayn't afford to be generous!"

"What is it you want of me?" cried the gnome.

"If I let you go," said the rat-catcher, "you must make me the richest man in the world!" Then he thought of his daughter: "Also you must make the king's son marry my daughter; then I will let you go."

The gnome laughed to himself to see how the trapper was being trapped in his own avarice as, with the most melancholy air, he answered: "I can make you the richest man in the world; but I know of no way of making the king's son marry your daughter, except one."

"What way?" asked the rat-catcher.

"Why," answered the gnome, "for three years

your daughter must come and live with me underground, and by the end of the third year her skin will be changed into pure gold like ours. And do you know any king's son who would refuse to marry a beautiful maiden who was pure gold from the sole of her foot to the crown of her head?"

The rat-catcher had so greedy an inside that he could not believe in any king's son refusing to marry a maiden of pure gold. So he clapped hands on the bargain, and let the gnome go.

The gnome went down into the ground, and fetched up sacks and sacks of gold, until he had made the rat-catcher the richest man in the world. Then the father called his daughter, whose name was Jasomé, and bade her follow the gnome down into the heart of the earth.

It was all in vain that Jasomé begged and implored; the rat-catcher was bent on having her married to the king's son. So he pushed, and the gnome pulled, and down she went; and the earth closed after her.

The gnome brought her down to his home under the hill upon which stood the town. Everywhere round her were gold and precious stones; the very

air was full of gold dust, so that when she remained still it settled on her hands and her hair, and a soft golden down began to show itself over her skin. So there in the house of the gnome sat Jasomé, and cried; and, far away overhead, she heard the days come and go, by the sound of people walking and the rolling of wheels.

The gnome was very kind to her; nothing did he spare of underground commodities that might afford her pleasure. He taught her the legends of all the heroes that have gone down into earth, and been forgotten, and the lost songs of the old poets, and the buried languages that once gave wisdom to the world: down there all these things are remembered.

She became the most curiously accomplished and wise maiden that ever was hidden from the light of day. "I have to train you," said the gnome, "to be fit for a king's bride!" But Jasomé, though she thanked him, only cried to be let out.

In front of the rat-catcher's house rose a little spring of salt water with gold dust in it, that gilded the basin where it sprang. When he saw it, he began rubbing his hands with delight, for he

guessed well enough that his daughter's tears had made it; and the dust in it told him how surely now she was being turned into gold.

And now the rat-catcher was the richest man in the world: all his traps were made of gold, and when he went rat-hunting he rode in a gilded coach drawn by twelve hundred of the finest and largest rats. This was for an advertisement of the business. He now caught rats for the fun of it, and the show of it, but also to get money by it; for though he was so rich, ratting and money-grubbing had become a second nature to him; unless he were at one or the other, he could not be happy.

Far below, in the house of the gnome, Jasomé sat and cried. When the sound of the great bells ringing for Easter came down to her the gnome said: "Today I cannot bind you; it is the great rising day for all Christians. If you wish, you may go up, and ask your father now to release you."

So Jasomé kissed the gnome, and went up the track of her own tears, that brought her to her father's door. When she came to the light of day, she felt quite blind; a soft yellow tint was all over her, and already her hair was quite golden.

The rat-catcher was furious when he saw her coming back before her time. "Oh, father," she cried, "let me come back for a little while to play in the sun!" But her father, fearing lest the gilding of her complexion should be spoiled, drove her back into the earth, and trampled it down over her head.

The gnome seemed quite sorry for her when she returned; but already, he said, a year was gone—and what were three years, when a king's son would be the reward?

At the next Easter he let her go again; and now she looked quite golden, except for her eyes, and her white teeth, and the nails on her pretty little fingers and toes. But again her father drove her back into the ground, and put a heavy stone slab over the spot to make sure of her.

At last the third Easter came, and she was all gold.

She kissed the gnome many times, and was almost sorry to leave him, for he had been very kind to her. And now he told her about her father's catching him in the trap, and robbing him of his gold by a hard bargain, and of his being forced to

take her down to live with him till she was turned into gold, so that she might marry the king's son. "For now," said he, "you are so compounded of gold that only the gnomes could rub it off you." So this time, when Jasomé came up once more to the light of day, she did not go back again to her cruel father, but went and sat by the roadside, and played with the sunbeams, and wondered when the king's son would come and marry her.

And as she sat there all the country-people who passed by stopped and mocked her; and boys came and threw mud at her because she was all gold from head to foot—an object, to be sure, for all simple folk to laugh at. So presently, instead of hoping, she fell to despair, and sat weeping, with her face hidden in her hands.

Now the king's son, unlike the country-folk, knew the value of gold; but he was grieved at heart for a maiden so stained all over with it, and more, when he beheld how she wept. So he went to lift her up; and there, surely, he saw the most beautiful face he could ever have dreamed of. But, alas! so discolored—even her eyes, and her lips, and the very tears she shed were the color of gold!

When he could bring her to speak, she told him how, because she was all gold, all the people mocked at her, and boys threw mud at her; and she had nowhere to go, unless it were back to the kind gnome who lived underground, out of sight of the sweet sun.

So the prince said, "Come with me, and I will take you to my father's palace, and there nobody shall mock you, but you shall sit all your days in the sunshine, and be happy."

And as they went, more and more he wondered at her great beauty—so spoiled that he could not look at her without grief—and was taken with increasing wonder at the beautiful wisdom stored in her golden mind; for she told him the tales of the heroes which she had learned from the gnome, and of buried cities; and her voice, like the rest of her, was golden.

The prince said to himself, "I shut my eyes, and am ready to die loving her; yet, when I open them, she is but a talking statue."

One day he said to her, "Under all this disguise you must be the most beautiful thing upon earth! Already to me you are the dearest!" and he sighed,

for he knew that a king's son might not marry a figure of gold.

Now one day after this, as Jasomé sat alone in the sunshine and cried, the little old gnome stood before her, and said, "Well, Jasomé, have you married the king's son?"

"Alas!" cried Jasomé, "you have so changed me: I am no longer human! Yet he loves me, and, but for that, he would marry me."

"Dear me!" said the gnome. "If that is all, I can take the gold off you again: why, I said so!"

Jasomé entreated him, by all his former kindness, to do so for her now.

"Yes," said the gnome, "but a bargain is a bargain. Now is the time for me to get back my bags of gold. Do you go to your father, and let him know that the king's son is willing to marry you if he restores to me my treasure that he took from me; for that is what it comes to."

Up jumped Jasomé, and ran to the rat-catcher's house. "Oh, father," she cried, "now you can undo all your cruelty to me; for now, if you will give back the gnome his gold, he will give my own face back to me, and I shall marry the king's son!"

But the rat-catcher was filled with admiration at the sight of her, and would not believe a word she said. "I have given you your dowry," he answered; "three years I had to do without you to get it. Take it away, and get married, and leave me the peace and plenty I have so hardly earned!"

Jasomé went back and told the gnome. "Really," said he, "I must show this rat-catcher that there are other sorts of traps, and that it isn't only rats and gnomes that get caught in them! I have given him his taste of wealth; now it shall act as pickle to his poverty!"

So the next time the rat-catcher put his foot out of doors the ground gave way under it, and, snap! —the gnome had him by the leg.

"Let me go!" cried the rat-catcher. "I can't get out!"

"Can't you?" said the gnome. "If I let you out, what will you give me?"

"My daughter!" cried the rat-catcher. "My beautiful golden daughter!"

"Oh, no!" laughed the gnome. "Guess again!"

"My own weight in gold!" cried the rat-catcher, in a frenzy; but the gnome would not close the bar-

gain till he had wrung from the rat-catcher the promise of his last penny.

So the gnome carried away all the sacks of gold before the rat-catcher's eyes; and when he had them safe underground, then at last he let the old man go. Then he called Jasomé to follow him, and she went down willingly into the black earth.

For a whole year the gnome rubbed and scrubbed and tubbed her to get the gold out of her composition; and when it was done, she was the most shiningly beautiful thing you ever set eyes on.

When she got back to the palace, she found her dear prince pining for love of her, and wondering when she would return. So they were married the very next day; and the rat-catcher came to look on at the wedding.

He grumbled because he was in rags, and because he was poor; he wept that he had been robbed of his money and his daughter. But gnomes and daughters, he said, were in one and the same box; such ingratitude as theirs no one could beat.

THE WHITE HORSE GIRL AND THE BLUE WIND BOY

BY

CARL SANDBURG

THE WHITE HORSE GIRL AND THE BLUE WIND BOY[1]

WHEN the dishes are washed at night time and the cool of the evening has come in summer or the lamps and fires are lit for the night in winter, then the fathers and mothers in the Rootabaga Country sometimes tell the young people the story of the White Horse Girl and the Blue Wind Boy.

The White Horse Girl grew up far in the west of the Rootabaga Country. All the years she grew up as a girl she liked to ride horses. Best of all things for her was to be straddle of a white horse loping with a loose bridle among the hills and along the rivers of the west Rootabaga Country.

[1] Taken by permission from Carl Sandburg's *Rootabaga Stories*. Published and copyrighted by Harcourt, Brace and Company.

She rode one horse white as snow, another horse white as new washed sheep wool, and another white as silver. And she could not tell because she did not know which of these three white horses she liked best.

"Snow is beautiful enough for me any time," she said, "new washed sheep wool, or silver out of a ribbon of the new moon, any or either is white enough for me. I like the white manes, the white flanks, the white noses, the white feet of all my ponies. I like the forelocks hanging down between the white ears of all three—my ponies."

And living neighbor to the White Horse Girl in the same prairie country, with the same black crows flying over their places, was the Blue Wind Boy. All the years he grew up as a boy he liked to walk with his feet in the dirt and the grass listening to the winds. Best of all things for him was to put on strong shoes and go hiking among the hills and along the rivers of the west Rootabaga Country, listening to the winds.

There was a blue wind of day time, starting sometimes six o'clock on a summer morning or eight o'clock on a winter morning. And there was

a night wind with blue of summer stars in summer and blue of winter stars in winter. And there was yet another, a blue wind of the times between night and day, a blue dawn and evening wind. All three of these winds he liked so well he could not say which he liked best.

"The early morning wind is strong as the prairie and whatever I tell it I know it believes and remembers," he said, "and the night wind with the big dark curves of the night sky in it, the night wind gets inside of me and understands all my secrets. And the blue wind of the times between, in the dusk when it is neither night nor day, this is the wind that asks me questions and tells me to wait and it will bring me whatever I want."

Of course, it happened as it had to happen, the White Horse Girl and the Blue Wind Boy met. She, straddling one of her white horses, and he, wearing his strong hiking shoes in the dirt and the grass, it had to happen they should meet among the hills and along the rivers of the west Rootabaga Country where they lived neighbors.

And of course, she told him all about the snow-white horse and the horse white as new washed

sheep wool and the horse white as a silver ribbon of the new moon. And he told her all about the blue winds he liked listening to, the early morning wind, the night sky wind, and the wind of the dusk between, the wind that asked him questions and told him to wait.

One day the two of them were gone. On the same day of the week the White Horse Girl and the Blue Wind Boy went away. And their fathers and mothers and sisters and brothers and uncles and aunts wondered about them and talked about them, because they didn't tell anybody beforehand they were going. Nobody at all knew beforehand or afterward why they were going away, the real honest why of it. They left a short letter. It read:

To All Our Sweethearts, Old Folks and Young Folks:

We have started to go where the white horses come from and where the blue winds begin. Keep a corner in your hearts for us while we are gone.

The White Horse Girl.
The Blue Wind Boy.

That was all they had to guess by in the west Rootabaga Country, to guess and guess where two darlings had gone.

Many years passed. One day there came riding across the Rootabaga Country a Gray Man on Horseback. He looked like he had come a long ways. So they asked him the question they always asked of any rider who looked like he had come a long ways, "Did you ever see the White Horse Girl and the Blue Wind Boy?"

"Yes," he answered, "I saw them.

"It was a long, long ways from here I saw them," he went on, "it would take years and years to ride to where they are. They were sitting together and talking to each other, sometimes singing, in a place where the land runs high and tough rocks reach up. And they were looking out across water, blue water as far as the eye could see. And away far off the blue waters met the blue sky.

" 'Look!' said the Boy, 'that's where the blue winds begin.'

"And far out on the blue waters, just a little this side of where the blue winds begin, there were

white manes, white flanks, white noses, white galloping feet.

" 'Look!' said the Girl, 'that's where the white horses come from.'

"And then nearer to the land came thousands in an hour, millions in a day, white horses, some white as snow, some like new washed sheep wool, some white as silver ribbons of the new moon.

"I asked them, 'Whose place is this?' They answered, 'It belongs to us; this is what we started for; this is where the white horses come from; this is where the blue winds begin.' "

And that was all the Gray Man on Horseback would tell the people of the west Rootabaga Country. That was all he knew, he said, and if there was any more he would tell it.

And the fathers and mothers and sisters and brothers and uncles and aunts of the White Horse Girl and the Blue Wind Boy wondered and talked often about whether the Gray Man on Horseback made up the story out of his head or whether it happened just like he told it.

Anyhow this is the story they tell sometimes to

the young people of the west Rootabaga Country when the dishes are washed at night and the cool of the evening has come in summer or the lamps and fires are lit for the night in winter.

NUMSKULL AND THE RABBIT

TRANSLATED BY

ARTHUR RYDER

NUMSKULL AND THE RABBIT[1]

Intelligence is power. But where
Could power and folly make a pair?
The rabbit played upon his pride
To fool him; and the lion died.

IN A part of a forest was a lion drunk with pride, and his name was Numskull. He slaughtered the animals without ceasing. If he saw an animal, he could not spare him.

So all the natives of the forest—deer, boars, buffaloes, wild oxen, rabbits, and others—came together, and with woebegone countenances, bowed heads, and knees clinging to the ground, they undertook to beseech obsequiously the king of beasts. "Have done, O King, with this merciless, meaningless slaughter of all creatures. It is hostile to

[1] Arthur W. Ryder, *Panchatantra.* Reprinted by permission of The University of Chicago Press.

happiness in the other world. For the Scripture says:

"A thousand future lives
Will pass in wretchedness
For sins a fool commits
His present life to bless.

"What wisdom in a deed
That brings dishonor fell,
That causes loss of trust,
That paves the way to hell?

And yet again:

"The ungrateful body, frail
And rank with filth within,
Is such that only fools
For its sake sink in sin.

"Consider these facts, and cease, we pray, to slaughter our generations. For if the master will remain at home, we will of our own motion send him each day for his daily food one animal of the forest. In this way neither the royal sustenance nor our families will be cut short. In this way let the king's duty be performed. For the proverb says:

"The king who tastes his kingdom like
Elixir, bit by bit,
Who does not overtax its life,
Will fully relish it.

"The king who madly butchers men,
Their lives as little reckoned
As lives of goats, has one square meal,
But never has a second.

"A king desiring profit, guards
His world from evil chance;
With gifts and honors waters it
As florists water plants.

"Guard subjects like a cow, nor ask
For milk each passing hour:
A vine must first be sprinkled, then
It ripens fruit and flower.

"The monarch-lamp from subjects draws
Tax-oil to keep it bright:
Has any ever noticed kings
That shone by inner light?

"A seedling is a tender thing,
And yet, if not neglected,

It comes in time to bearing fruit:
So subjects well protected.

"Their subjects form the only source
From which accrue to kings
Their gold, grain, gems, and varied drinks,
And many other things.

"The kings who serve the common weal
Luxuriantly sprout;
The common loss is kingly loss,
Without a shadow of a doubt."

After listening to this address, Numskull said: "Well, gentlemen, you are quite convincing. But if an animal does not come to me every day as I sit here, I promise you I will eat you all." To this they assented with much relief, and fearlessly roamed the wood. Each day at noon one of them appeared as his dinner, each species taking its turn and providing an individual grown old, or religious, or grief-smitten, or fearful of the loss of son or wife.

One day a rabbit's turn came, it being rabbit day. And when all the thronging animals had

given him directions, he reflected: "How is it possible to kill this lion—curse him! Yet after all,

"In what can wisdom not prevail?
In what can resolution fail?
What cannot flattery subdue?
What cannot enterprise put through?

I can kill even a lion."

So he went very slowly, planning to arrive tardily, and meditating with troubled spirit on a means of killing him. Late in the day he came into the presence of the lion, whose throat was pinched by hunger in consequence of the delay, and who angrily thought as he licked his chops: "Aha! I must kill all the animals the first thing in the morning."

While he was thinking, the rabbit slowly drew near, bowed low, and stood before him. But when the lion saw that he was tardy and too small at that for a meal, his soul flamed with wrath, and he taunted the rabbit, saying: "You reprobate! First, you are too small for a meal. Second, you are tardy. Because of this wickedness I am going to

kill you, and tomorrow morning I shall extirpate every species of animal."

Then the rabbit bowed low and said with deference: "Master, the wickedness is not mine, nor the other animals'. Pray hear the cause of it." And the lion answered: "Well, tell it quick, before you are between my fangs."

"Master," said the rabbit, "all the animals recognized today that the rabbits' turn had come, and because I was quite small, they dispatched me with five other rabbits. But in mid-journey there issued from a great hole in the ground a lion who said: 'Where are *you* bound? Pray to your favorite god.' Then I said: 'We are traveling as the dinner of lion Numskull, our master, according to agreement.' 'Is that so?' said he. 'This forest belongs to me. So all the animals, without exception, must deal with me—according to agreement. This Numskull is a sneak thief. Call him out and bring him here at once. Then whichever of us proves stronger shall be king and shall eat all these animals.' At his command, master, I have come to you. This is the cause of my tardiness. For the rest, my master is the sole judge."

After listening to this, Numskull said: "Well, well, my good fellow, show me that sneak thief of a lion, and be quick about it. I cannot find peace of mind until I have vented on him my anger against the animals. He should have remembered the saying:

"Land and friends and gold at most
Have been won when battles cease;
If but one of these should fail,
Do not think of breaking peace.

"Where no great reward is won,
Where defeat is nearly sure,
Never stir a quarrel, but
Find it wiser to endure."

"Quite so, master," said the rabbit. "Warriors fight for their country when they are insulted. But this fellow skulks in a fortress. You know he came out of a fortress when he held us up. And an enemy in a fortress is hard to handle. As the saying goes:

"A single royal fortress adds
More military force

Than do a thousand elephants,
A hundred thousand horse.

"A single archer from a wall
A hundred foes forfends;
And so the military art
A fortress recommends.

"God Indra used the wit and skill
Of gods in days of old,
When Devil Gold-mat plagued the world,
To build a fortress-hold.

"And he decreed that any king
Who built a fortress sound
Should conquer foemen. This is why
Such fortresses abound."

When he heard this, Numskull said: "My good fellow, show me that thief. Even if he is hiding in a fortress, I will kill him. For the proverb says:

"The strongest man who fails to crush
At birth, disease or foe,
Will later be destroyed by that
Which he permits to grow.

And again:

"The man who reckons well his power,
Nor pride nor vigor lacks,
May single-handed smite his foes
Like Rama-with-the-ax."

"Very true," said the rabbit. "But after all it was a mighty lion that I saw. So the master should not set out without realizing the enemy's capacity. As the saying runs:

"A warrior failing to compare
Two hosts, in mad desire
For battle, plunges like a moth
Headforemost into fire.

And again:

"The weak who challenge mighty foes
A battle to abide,
Like elephants with broken tusks,
Return with drooping pride."

But Numskull said: "What business is it of yours? Show him to me, even in his fortress." "Very well," said the rabbit. "Follow me, master."

And he led the way to a well, where he said to the lion: "Master, who can endure your majesty? The moment he saw you, that thief crawled clear into his hole. Come, I will show him to you." "Be quick about it, my good fellow," said Numskull.

So the rabbit showed him the well. And the lion, being a dreadful fool, saw his own reflection in the water, and gave voice to a great roar. Then from the well issued a roar twice as loud, because of the echo. This the lion heard, decided that his rival was very powerful, hurled himself down, and met his death. Thereupon the rabbit cheerfully carried the glad news to all the animals, received their compliments, and lived there contentedly in the forest.

And that is why I say:

Intelligence is power . . .

and the rest of it.

THE STONE LION

BY

CONSTANCE SMEDLEY

THE STONE LION[1]

HERE is the Tibetan farmer, with his shaggy hair and lambskin cap, as he sits at ease discussing the light refreshments the Prince's servants have been handing around.

You perceive he is carefully peeling a banana; and the Prince noticed how respectfully his thick fingers touched the fruit, and how slowly and earnestly they stripped the golden rind from the luscious contents. His eating-bowl held nothing else, in contrast to the heaps of fruit and sweetmeats which the other guests had willingly accepted, and the Prince noted his blunt features and simple, honest looks with favor. He could not remember having encountered him in the market, al-

[1] Taken by permission from Constance Smedley's *Tales from Timbuktu.* Published by Harcourt, Brace and Company.

though he was so striking a figure in his thick mountain garments, and he directed the Market King to bid the Tibetan tell his story.

"First letting us know to what felicitous circumstances we owe the pleasure of his company," added the Prince.

He watched with interest as the Tibetan received the summons with obvious amazement, laid down his banana instantly, and, doffing his lambskin cap, advanced with slow and somewhat hesitating footsteps to the Prince.

"The truth is, your Highness, that the original circumstance which led to my coming to Timbuktu was far from felicitous," said he. "I grieve to confess that inadvertently I shot and brought to earth a wild goose as it winged its way across the Celestial Lake. My remorse was great, and resulted in my making a pilgrimage around the Holy Mountain. During those hours of solitude and prayer, the message came that I must atone by greater kindness to the goats and yak I tended. On my return, therefore, I lavished love and care upon them, and they repaid me by growing the finest fleeces that ever trader marketed. So beautiful were my cher-

ished goats that their fame spread to Kashmir, and one day the most famous weaver of that country set out for my hut on the borders of the lake. He was a long time on his journey to the far north, but when he found me and beheld the fleeces he cried that his journey had been abundantly rewarded.

"Then he told me he desired to weave the finest shawl that had ever been woven in Kashmir. He stayed some time with me, for he was full of admiration for my goats. He had never seen the like of their long horns, flattened and wavy, and as he watched them bounding and grazing on the high tablelands he beheld new patterns of curves and spirals for his shawl. He was also interested in a neighbor who dyed the velvet for which Tibet is celebrated. The fresh and glossy tints appealed to him, and my neighbor was glad to tell him how they were produced.

"At the end of the summer we had become as brothers, and this shawl that he was to weave from the fleeces of my goats was as much a part of my existence as his own. It seemed indeed as if my pilgrimage had been blessed, and when he departed I accompanied him at his request, and spent the year

with him in Kashmir. Very different was Kashmir from the stern and desolate mountains of Tibet. The lake by which he lived was small, and adorned by floating gardens made of reeds and sedge and lilies, coated with mud and covered with a multitude of flowers. I cultivated his crops of cucumber and melons that also grew upon the floating gardens, while he devoted all his time to the weaving of the shawl. When it was finished, we agreed that we must take it together to the mart of Timbuktu; our coming coincided with your visit, and thus the fleeces of the goats I tended have had the honor of being touched by the hands of the Prince who owns the greatest treasures on this earth.

"*Om mani padme hum.*

"The jewel in the lotus leaf has been revealed.

"Thus have I experienced fulfillment.

"Your coming has crowned my repentance and my pilgrimage, and I thank thee, O Prince, for being the instrument of destiny."

"Have you a story?" said the Prince.

"Indeed, yes," said the Tibetan, "though it has something of the grimness of the north therein. My story is called

THE STONE LION: OR, THE GUARDIAN OF THE MOUNTAIN

Once upon a time two brothers lived in a big house with their mother. The elder brother was a shrewd business man, but the younger brother, though willing, was kind and simple, and had no talent for sharp dealing. As a goldsmith, the elder brother had continued opportunities for getting the better of his customers, and as he was a skillful workman they admired the cunning of his art and never thought to question his assurances as to the purity of his gold.

But the younger brother had skill neither in devising ornaments nor in mixing the gold with alloy, and moreover always answered the customers truthfully; so that one day the elder brother summoned him and told him to pack up and leave the house and seek his fortune elsewhere.

"You will do better as a farmer," said he. "I recommend you to grow nuts and peaches; or perhaps you could breed white eagles, or tend buffaloes. At any rate, I am not going to share my patrimony

with you any longer, for while you are with me I shall never become rich."

Thus the younger brother was turned out of his home, with his few clothes as his sole start in life, while his brother remained in possession of their home and patrimony.

But the younger brother was destined to take with him the greatest treasure of all, for their mother was so grieved at the elder brother's behavior, she packed up too and accompanied her younger son.

She had a little money and some household tools, and they traveled comfortably enough. Presently they came to a great mountain at the foot of which stood an empty hut which belonged to no one. It was not far from a town, and the boy took their ax and chopped some wood. This they bound into neat faggots, which the boy carried into the town and sold. He returned with a store of black barley, apples, and figs; and some argol, as that was cheaper than wood for fuel.

Soon he had cut down the dead trees and bushes near their hut, and had to go increasingly farther in search of more. The mountain was very desolate

and grand, and in his expeditions he never encountered a soul. In the town they had many tales to tell of the perils of the mountain, but because no one cared to climb the heights they were willing to pay good prices for his wood, and the boy was able to support his mother.

One day he ventured farther than he had yet climbed, and on the hillside came upon a life-sized lion carved out of stone.

"This must be the Guardian of the Mountain," thought the simple lad. There was abundance of dry wood near, and when he went down to the town he bought two large candles, and when he next went up the mountain sought out the lion, placed the candles on each side, and, kneeling before him, thanked him for the hut in which they lived and the protection of the mountain.

When the lion opened his mouth and spoke, the boy was neither afraid nor surprised, so exceedingly lifelike was the carving.

"What are you doing so far up the mountain?" asked the lion.

"Chopping wood," said the boy. "But I do not cut down the young trees; nor do I harm the older

ones. I clear the thickets of the undergrowth and lop off the dead branches of the trees. My mother tells me I must first be a good forester, and second, a trader; for all the wealth in the world is not so valuable as a well-timbered mountain. She says the trees protect from drought and keep the streams full, and their roots hold the soil together. I beg for your patronage and assistance, and will readily observe any instructions you give me."

"Come again tomorrow without an ax, but with a bucket," said the Stone Lion, "and don't bring any more candles, as I don't want the mountain set on fire." Then he snapped his jaws together and looked as if he had never opened them.

The boy thanked the lion and remained until the candles were burned out; then he went down to the town, sold his wood, and bought a new bucket to do the lion honor; also, his mother had only one and needed hers. But she brought out the only thing of value she possessed. This was a ceremonial scarf; she told the boy to put it on when he knelt before the lion.

The lion opened his mouth directly the boy knelt down, and said, "Hold the bucket under my

mouth, but when it is nearly full you must tell me, for on no account must anything that I am going to give you fall to the ground."

The boy obeyed, and out of the lion's jaws poured a stream of gold. He told the lion directly the bucket was three parts full, and the jaws promptly closed. But the boy carried his treasure down the mountain to his mother, who was thus enabled to purchase a large farmhouse. She also bought a good stock of oxen and buffalo and sheep, and they were able to live in comfortable prosperity, although they kept to fair dealing and never got the better of any one.

They became both respected and popular, and presently news of their prosperity came to the elder brother. He could scarcely believe his ears when he heard of the big house and pasture lands, of the velvets the mother went dressed in, of the turquoise brooch the younger brother wore on market days, and the good table they kept and to which they welcomed every traveler.

They were living in better style than the elder brother himself, and he was so curious that he decided to pay them a visit. He set off, therefore, ac-

companied by his wife and carrying a very small piece of cloth as a present.

He pretended to be very surprised at finding them in such affluence, and told them he had been worrying as to how they were getting on and had come to offer them assistance.

But his mother and younger brother assured him they had no need of anything, and instead they pressed all kinds of good things on him, and at last, as the younger brother took no notice of his hints, the elder came out with a plain question.

The younger brother was ready enough to tell him where the wealth came from; ready, too, to describe the Stone Lion and to tell exactly what the lion had commanded.

When the elder brother and his wife retired for the night, they talked everything over and decided there was no need to go up the mountain to chop wood, nor to burn candles before the lion.

"You had better take him a couple of candles," said the wife, "and if he does not wish them to burn on account of the mountain being set on fire, you can just light them and immediately blow them out and bring them down again.

"But you had better take them. It will look rather crude if you only go up with a bucket."

"I was thinking of borrowing one of my brother's oxen," said the elder brother; "then I could take up a vat in the ox-cart. It seems a pity to confine oneself to a bucket."

"But, as he is evidently a tyrant, he will expect you to do exactly what he says," replied his wife. "Besides, it looks as if you were ready to take trouble in the matter if you lug a great heavy bucket all the way up the mountain with your own hands. I will help you, of course."

So the elder brother borrowed the largest bucket his brother possessed, the one into which they milked the buffaloes. When the lion saw him stagger up and set the huge receptacle under his chin, he opened his mouth with a terrible expression and said, "What do you want?"

"To do you honor, sire," said the elder brother, feeling in his pouch for the candles. They were so small, it was not easy to find them.

He set the candles on either side of the Stone Lion and took out his tinder-box. And then he hesitated. It had just occurred to him that if he did

not light them he could take them back to the trader and exchange them for something more useful, or perhaps get the money back.

"I am thinking of all this dry grass," said the elder brother, after he had pretended great difficulty in getting a spark, so that the lion had plenty of time to stop him. But the lion's jaws were closed tightly, with the grimmest expression.

"It would be such a pity if the mountain took fire," said the elder brother.

Still the lion did not answer. The elder brother waited awhile, then very unwillingly lit his candles.

At this the lion opened his mouth. How terrible he looked! Great storm-clouds were hanging low upon the mountain's crest, and the lion seemed to crouch with awful majesty. Again he roared, so that the rocks echoed with dull thunder and the mountain shivered. A cold blast came from his jaws, and circled on and on amongst the jagged peaks, wafting the storm-clouds into wreaths and whirls.

"What is this under my chin?" said the lion.

"A bucket, your Highness," faltered the elder

brother. "My brother told me you commanded him to bring one."

"Tell me when the bucket is nearly full, as nothing that I give you must fall to the ground," said the lion, and thereupon a stream of gold issued from its jaws.

The elder brother took no heed of the lowering clouds, the snow that was beginning to eddy in the icy air, or the growing darkness. The stream of gold usurped his vision; he pressed the gold pieces down so that they might lie well together, but though the bucket was brimming he could not bring himself to tell the lion to stop. Instead he gave the bucket a shake, hoping to shake down the gold. But the glittering pieces slid over the side and scattered on the ground.

Immediately the stream ceased. But the lion's mouth remained open.

Then in a hoarse voice it said, "The largest piece has stuck in my throat; put your hand in my mouth and pull it out."

The elder brother was only too delighted to obey; but directly his hand and arm were inside, the cavernous jaws snapped together, and there

was the elder brother held fast in the insensible stone.

Then the storm broke in its full fury.

When his wife came out of the shelter of the thicket where he had left her, she found him half hanging to the lion's mouth with a bucket full of stones and earth beside him.

"Say no word to my mother and brother," he whimpered, "or they will come out and slay me, because I have been so unhappy as to annoy his Majesty the lion through a most unfortunate accident: a pure oversight on my part, I assure his Majesty."

But the lion remained stonily silent; and the man commanded his wife to return to their own home and bring him food and rugs, as the nights were bitterly cold so high up on the mountain.

She did as she was bid, and through her faithful service the man was able to remain alive, uncomfortable as his condition was. But after many months she came weeping.

"I have sold the last of our household goods," said she, "and the last of your goldsmith's stock has gone: we have no home, no shop, and no posses-

sions. Would that you had never sought the lion in order to become rich!"

At this, the lion's jaws suddenly opened wide, and a mighty roar of laughter resounded through the mountain.

"Quick!" cried the wife; but the man's arm was already out of the lion's jaws and he was running down the mountain as fast as he could.

He went straight to his younger brother to plead for help for his wife and child, and received money to buy a small farm, at his request, a long way from the mountain. There they spent the rest of their days in humble circumstances, and never did they come near the mountain again.

THE PUMPKIN GIANT

BY

MARY E. WILKINS

THE PUMPKIN GIANT[1]

A VERY long time ago, before our grandmother's time, or our great-grandmother's, or our grandmother's with a very long string of greats prefixed, there were no pumpkins; people had never eaten a pumpkin pie, or even stewed pumpkin; and that was the time when the Pumpkin Giant flourished.

There have been a great many giants who have flourished since the world began, and although a select few of them have been good giants, the majority of them have been so bad that their crimes even more than their size have gone to make them notorious. But the Pumpkin Giant was an uncommonly bad one, and his general appearance and

[1] From *The Pot of Gold,* by Mary E. Wilkins. By permission of Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company.

his behavior were such as to make one shudder to an extent that you would hardly believe possible. The convulsive shivering caused by the mere mention of his name, and, in some cases where the people were unusually sensitive, by the mere thought of him even, more resembled the blue ague than anything else; indeed was known by the name of "the Giant's Shakes."

The Pumpkin Giant was very tall; he probably would have overtopped most of the giants you have ever heard of. I don't suppose the Giant who lived on the Beanstalk whom Jack visited, was anything to compare with him; nor that it would have been a possible thing for the Pumpkin Giant, had he received an invitation to spend an afternoon with the Beanstalk Giant, to accept, on account of his inability to enter the Beanstalk Giant's door, no matter how much he stooped.

The Pumpkin Giant had a very large yellow head, which was also smooth and shiny. His eyes were big and round, and glowed like coals of fire; and you would almost have thought that his head was lit up inside with candles. Indeed there was a rumor to that effect amongst the common people,

but that was all nonsense, of course; no one of the more enlightened class credited it for an instant. His mouth, which stretched half around his head, was furnished with rows of pointed teeth, and he was never known to hold it any other way than wide open.

The Pumpkin Giant lived in a castle, as a matter of course; it is not fashionable for a giant to live in any other kind of a dwelling—why, nothing would be more tame and uninteresting than a giant in a two-story white house with green blinds and a picket fence, or even a brownstone front, if he could get into either of them, which he could not.

The Giant's castle was situated on a mountain, as it ought to have been, and there was also the usual courtyard before it, and the customary moat, which was full of—*bones!* All I have got to say about these bones is, they were not mutton bones. A great many details of this story must be left to the imagination of the reader; they are too harrowing to relate. A much tenderer regard for the feelings of the audience will be shown in this than in most giant stories; we will even go so far as to

state in advance that the story has a good end, thereby enabling readers to peruse it comfortably without unpleasant suspense.

The Pumpkin Giant was fonder of little boys and girls than anything else in the world; but he was somewhat fonder of little boys, and more particularly of *fat* little boys.

The fear and horror of this Giant extended over the whole country. Even the King on his throne was so severely afflicted with the Giant's Shakes that he had been obliged to have the throne propped, for fear it should topple over in some unusually violent fit. There was good reason why the King shook: his only daughter, the Princess Ariadne Diana, was probably the fattest princess in the whole world at that date. So fat was she that she had never walked a step in the dozen years of her life, being totally unable to progress over the earth by any method except rolling. And a really beautiful sight it was, too, to see the Princess Ariadne Diana, in her cloth-of-gold rolling-suit, faced with green velvet and edged with ermine, with her glittering crown on her head, trundling along the avenues of the royal gardens, which had been fur-

nished with strips of rich carpeting for her express accommodation.

But gratifying as it would have been to the King, her sire, under other circumstances, to have had such an unusually interesting daughter, it now only served to fill his heart with the greatest anxiety on her account. The Princess was never allowed to leave the palace without a bodyguard of fifty knights, the very flower of the King's troops, with lances in rest, but in spite of all this precaution, the King shook.

Meanwhile amongst the ordinary people who could not procure an escort of fifty armed knights for the plump among their children, the ravages of the Pumpkin Giant were frightful. It was apprehended at one time that there would be very few fat little girls, and no fat little boys at all, left in the kingdom. And what made matters worse, at that time the Giant commenced taking a tonic to increase his appetite.

Finally the King, in desperation, issued a proclamation that he would knight any one, be he noble or common, who should cut off the head of the Pumpkin Giant. This was the King's usual method

of rewarding any noble deed in his kingdom. It was a cheap method, and besides everybody liked to be a knight.

When the King issued his proclamation every man in the kingdom who was not already a knight, straightway tried to contrive ways and means to kill the Pumpkin Giant. But there was one obstacle which seemed insurmountable: they were afraid, and all of them had the Giant's Shakes so badly that they could not possibly have held a knife steady enough to cut off the Giant's head, even if they had dared to go near enough for that purpose.

There was one man who lived not far from the terrible Giant's castle, a poor man, his only worldly wealth consisting in a large potato field and a cottage in front of it. But he had a boy of twelve, an only son, who rivaled the Princess Ariadne Diana in point of fatness. He was unable to have a bodyguard for his son; so the amount of terror which the inhabitants of that humble cottage suffered day and night was heart-rending. The poor mother had been unable to leave her bed for two years, on account of the Giant's Shakes; her

husband barely got a living from the potato field; half the time he and his wife had hardly enough to eat, as it naturally took the larger part of the potatoes to satisfy the fat little boy, their son; and their situation was truly pitiable.

The fat boy's name was Aeneas, his father's name was Patroclus, and his mother's Daphne. It was all the fashion in those days to have classical names. And as that was a fashion as easily adopted by the poor as the rich, everybody had them. They were just like Jim and Tommy and May in these days. Why, the Princess's name, Ariadne Diana, was nothing more nor less than Ann Eliza with us.

One morning Patroclus and Aeneas were out in the field digging potatoes, for new potatoes were just in the market. The Early Rose potato had not been discovered in those days; but there was another potato, perhaps equally good, which attained to a similar degree of celebrity. It was called the Young Plantagenet, and reached a very large size indeed, much larger than the Early Rose does in our time.

Well, Patroclus and Aeneas had just dug per-

haps a bushel of Young Plantagenet potatoes. It was slow work with them, for Patroclus had the Giant's Shakes badly that morning, and of course Aeneas was not very swift. He rolled about among the potato-hills after the manner of the Princess Ariadne Diana; but he did not present as imposing an appearance as she, in his homespun farmer's frock.

All at once the earth trembled violently. Patroclus and Aeneas looked up and saw the Pumpkin Giant coming with his mouth wide open. "Get behind me, oh, my darling son!" cried Patroclus.

Aeneas obeyed, but it was of no use; for you could see his cheeks each side his father's waistcoat.

Patroclus was not ordinarily a brave man, but he was brave in an emergency; and as that is the only time when there is the slightest need of bravery, it was just as well.

The Pumpkin Giant strode along faster and faster, opening his mouth wider and wider, until they could fairly hear it crack at the corners.

Then Patroclus picked up an enormous Young Plantagenet and threw it plump into the Pumpkin

Giant's mouth. The Giant choked and gasped, and choked and gasped, and finally tumbled down and died.

Patroclus and Aeneas, while the Giant was choking, had run to the house and locked themselves in; then they looked out of the kitchen window. When they saw the Giant tumble down and lie quite still, they knew he must be dead. Then Daphne was immediately cured of the Giant's Shakes, and got out of bed for the first time in two years. Patroclus sharpened the carving-knife on the kitchen stove, and they all went out into the potato field.

They cautiously approached the prostrate Giant, for fear he might be shamming, and might suddenly spring up at them and—Aeneas. But no, he did not move at all; he was quite dead. And, all taking turns, they hacked off his head with the carving-knife. Then Aeneas had it to play with, which was quite appropriate, and a good instance of the sarcasm of destiny.

The King was notified of the death of the Pumpkin Giant, and was greatly rejoiced thereby. His Giant's Shakes ceased, the props were removed

from the throne, and the Princess Ariadne Diana was allowed to go out without her bodyguard of fifty knights, much to her delight, for she found them a great hindrance to the enjoyment of her daily outings. It was a great cross, not to say an embarrassment, when she was gleefully rolling in pursuit of a charming red and gold butterfly, to find herself suddenly stopped short by an armed knight with his lance at rest.

But the King, though his gratitude for the noble deed knew no bounds, omitted to give the promised reward and knight Patroclus.

I hardly know how it happened—I don't think it was anything intentional. Patroclus felt rather hurt about it, and Daphne would have liked to be a lady, but Aeneas did not care in the least. He had the Giant's head to play with and that was reward enough for him. There was not a boy in the neighborhood but envied him his possession of such a unique plaything; and when they would stand looking over the wall of the potato field with longing eyes, and he was flying over the ground with the head, his happiness knew no bounds; and Aeneas played so much with the

Giant's head that finally late in the fall it got broken and scattered all over the field.

Next spring all over Patroclus's potato field grew running vines, and in the fall Giant's heads. There they were all over the field, hundreds of them! Then there was consternation indeed! The natural conclusion to be arrived at when the people saw the yellow Giant's heads making their appearance above the ground was that the rest of the Giants were coming.

"There was one Pumpkin Giant before," said they; "now there will be a whole army of them. If it was dreadful then, what will it be in the future? If one Pumpkin Giant gave us the Shakes so badly, what will a whole army of them do?"

But when some time had elapsed and nothing more of the Giants appeared above the surface of the potato field, and as, moreover, the heads had not yet displayed any sign of opening their mouths, the people began to feel a little easier, and the general excitement subsided somewhat, although the King had ordered out Ariadne's bodyguard again.

Now Aeneas had been born with a propensity

for putting everything into his mouth and tasting it; there was scarcely anything in his vicinity which could by any possibility be tasted, which he had not eaten a bit of. This propensity was so alarming in his babyhood that Daphne purchased a book of antidotes; and if it had not been for her admirable good judgment in doing so, this story would probably never have been told; for no human baby could possibly have survived the heterogeneous diet which Aeneas had indulged in. There was scarcely one of the antidotes which had not been resorted to from time to time.

Aeneas had become acquainted with the peculiar flavor of almost everything in his immediate vicinity except the Giant's heads; and he naturally enough cast longing eyes at them. Night and day he wondered what a Giant's head could taste like, till finally one day when Patroclus was away he stole out into the potato field, cut a bit out of one of the Giant's heads, and ate it. He was almost afraid to, but he reflected that his mother could give him an antidote; so he ventured. It tasted very sweet and nice; he liked it so much that he cut off another piece and ate that, then another and an-

other, until he had eaten two thirds of a Giant's head. Then he thought it was about time for him to go in and tell his mother and take an antidote, though he did not feel ill at all yet.

"Mother," said he, rolling slowly into the cottage, "I have eaten two thirds of a Giant's head, and I guess you had better give me an antidote."

"Oh, my precious son!" groaned Daphne. "How could you?" She looked in her book of antidotes, but could not find one antidote for a Giant's head.

"Oh, Aeneas, my dear, dear son!" cried Daphne. "There is no antidote for Giant's head! What shall we do?"

Then she sat down and wept, and Aeneas wept too, as loud as he possibly could. And he apparently had excellent reason to, for it did not seem possible that a boy could eat two thirds of a Giant's head and survive it without an antidote. Patroclus came home, and they told him, and he sat down and lamented with them. All day they sat weeping and watching Aeneas, expecting every moment to see him die. But he did not die; on the contrary he had never felt so well in his life.

Finally at sunset Aeneas looked up and laughed.

"I am not going to die," said he; "I never felt so well; you had better stop crying. And I am going out to get some more of that Giant's head; I am hungry."

"Don't, don't!" cried his father and mother; but he went, for he generally took his own way, very like most only sons. He came back with a whole Giant's head in his arms.

"See here, father and mother," cried he; "we'll all have some of this; it evidently is not poison, and it is good—a great deal better than potatoes!"

Patroclus and Daphne hesitated, but they were hungry, too. Since the crop of Giant's heads had sprung up in their field instead of potatoes, they had been hungry most of the time; so they tasted.

"It is good," said Daphne; "but I think it would be better cooked." So she put some in a kettle of water over the fire and let it boil awhile; then she dished it up, and they all ate it. It was delicious. It tasted more like stewed pumpkin than anything else; in fact it was stewed pumpkin.

Daphne was inventive, and something of a genius; and next day she concocted another dish out of the Giant's heads. She boiled them, and

sifted them, and mixed them with eggs and sugar and milk and spice; then she lined some plates with puff paste, filled them with the mixture, and set them in the oven to bake.

The result was unparalleled; nothing half so exquisite had ever been tasted. They were all in ecstasies, Aeneas in particular. They gathered all the Giant's heads and stored them in the cellar. Daphne baked pies of them every day, and nothing could surpass the felicity of the whole family.

One morning the King had been out hunting, and happened to ride by the cottage of Patroclus with a train of his knights. Daphne was baking pies as usual, and the kitchen door and window were both open, for the room was too warm; so the delicious odor of the pies perfumed the whole air about the cottage.

"What is it smells so utterly lovely?" exclaimed the King, sniffing in a rapture.

He sent his page in to see.

"The housewife is baking Giant's head pies," said the page, returning.

"What?" thundered the King. "Bring out one to me!"

So the page brought out a pie to him, and after all his knights had tasted to be sure it was not poison, and the King had watched them sharply for a few moments to be sure they were not killed, he tasted too.

Then he beamed. It was a new sensation, and a new sensation is a great boon to a king.

"I never tasted anything so altogether superfine, so utterly magnificent, in my life," cried the King; "stewed peacock's tongues from the Baltic are not to be compared with it! Call out the housewife immediately!"

So Daphne came out trembling, and Patroclus and Aeneas also.

"What a charming lad!" exclaimed the King as his glance fell upon Aeneas. "Now tell me about these wonderful pies, and I will reward you as becomes a monarch!"

Then Patroclus fell on his knees and related the whole history of the Giant's head pies from the beginning.

The King actually blushed. "And I forgot to knight you, oh, noble and brave man, and to make a lady of your admirable wife!"

Then the King leaned gracefully down from his saddle and struck Patroclus with his jeweled sword and knighted him on the spot.

The whole family went to live at the royal palace. The roses in the royal garden were uprooted, and Giant's heads (or pumpkins, as they came to be called) were sown in their stead; all the royal parks also were turned into pumpkin fields.

Patroclus was in constant attendance on the King, and used to stand all day in his antechamber. Daphne had a position of great responsibility, for she superintended the baking of the pumpkin pies, and Aeneas finally married the Princess Ariadne Diana.

They were wedded in great state by fifty archbishops, and all the newspapers united in stating that they were the most charming and well-matched young couple that had ever been united in the kingdom.

The stone entrance of the Pumpkin Giant's castle was securely fastened, and upon it was engraved an inscription composed by the first poet in the kingdom, for which the King made him lau-

reate, and gave him the liberal pension of fifty pumpkin pies per year.

The following is the inscription in full:

Here dwelt the Pumpkin Giant once,
He's dead the nation doth rejoice,
For, while he was alive, he lived
By e—g dear, fat, little boys.

The inscription is said to remain to this day; if you were to go there you would probably see it.

TING-A-LING'S VISIT TO TURILIRA

BY

FRANK R. STOCKTON

TING-A-LING'S VISIT TO TURILIRA[1]

ONE pleasant sunny day, the Giant Turilira was lying on his back on the grass, under some great trees, in a wood near the palace of the King.

His feet were high above the rest of his body, resting in the crotch of a great oak tree, and he lay with his vest open and his hat off, idly sucking the pith from a young sapsago tree that he had just broken off. Near him, on the top of a tall bulrush, sat the little fairy Ting-a-Ling. They had been talking together for some time, and Turilira said, "Ting-a-Ling, you must come and see me. You have never been to my castle except when you came for the good of somebody else. Come now for

[1] Reprinted by special permission of Charles Scribner's Sons. From *Ting-a-Ling Tales,* by Frank R. Stockton.

yours and mine, and stay at least a week. We will have a gay old time. Will you come?"

"I will," cried the little fairy, in a voice as clear as the chirp of a cricket. "I'll come whenever you say so."

"Let it be tomorrow, then," said the Giant. "Shall I fetch you?"

"Oh, no," said Ting-a-Ling; "I will come on my blue butterfly. You have no idea how fast he flies. I do believe he could go to your castle nearly as fast as you could yourself."

"All right," said Turilira, rising. "Come as you please, but be sure you come to stay."

Then the Giant got up, and he shook himself, and buttoned his vest, and put on his hat, and as he had thin boots on, he told Ting-a-Ling he was going to see if he couldn't take the river at one jump. So, tightening his belt, and going back for a good run, he rushed to the river-bank, and with a spring like the jerk of five mad elephants, he bounded across. But the opposite bank was not hard enough to resist the tremendous fall of so many tons of giant as came upon it when Turilira's feet touched its edge; and it gave way, and his

feet went up and his back came down; and into the river, like a ship dropping out of the sky, went the mighty Giant. The splash was so great that the whole air, for a minute or two, was full of water and spray, and Ting-a-Ling could see nothing at all. When things had become visible again, there was Turilira standing up to the middle of his thighs in the channel of the river, and brushing from his eyes and his nose the water that trickled from him like little brooks.

"Hel-l-o-o-o!" cried Ting-a-Ling. "Are you hurt?"

"Oh, no," spluttered the Giant. "The water and the mud were soft enough, but I'm nearly blinded and choked."

"It's a good thing it isn't worse," cried the little fairy. "If that river had not been so broad, you would have broken your neck when you came down."

"Good-by!" cried the Giant, stepping upon the bank; "I must hurry home as fast as I can." And so away he went over the hills at a run, and you may rest assured that he did not jump any more rivers that day.

The next morning early, Ting-a-Ling mounted his blue butterfly, and over the fields he went almost as fast as a bird. For his was a butterfly of the desert, where they have to fly very far for anything to eat, and to race for it very often at that. Ting-a-Ling took nothing with him but what he wore, but his "things" and his best clothes were to be sent after him on a beetle, which, though slow, was very strong and could have carried, if he chose, everything that Ting-a-Ling had. About sunset the fairy and the butterfly, the latter very tired, arrived at the castle of Turilira, and there, at the great door, stood the Giant, expecting them, with his face beaming with hospitality and delight. He had had his slaves, for the whole afternoon, scattered along the road by which his visitor would come; and they were commanded to keep a sharp lookout for a blue butterfly, and pass the word to the castle when they saw it coming. So Turilira was all ready; and as he held out his finger, the butterfly was glad enough to fly up and light upon it. The good Giant took them both into the house, and the butterfly was put on a top shelf, where there were some honey jars, and if he didn't eat!

Supper was all ready, and Turilira sat down to the table on a chair that was bigger than some houses, while Ting-a-Ling sat cross-legged on a napkin, opposite to him. The Giant had everything nice. There was a pair of roast oxen, besides a small boiled whale, and a great plate of fricasseed elks. As for vegetables, there were boat-loads of mashed potatoes, and turnips and beans; and there was a pie which was as big as a small back yard. The Giant had a splendid appetite, and before supper was over he had eaten up most of these things. As for Ting-a-Ling, he had only got halfway through his third grain of boiled rice when the Giant was done. But he could eat no more; and after scooping up about a drop of wine in a little cup he carried with him, he drank the health of Turilira, and then they went out on the front porch, where the Giant ordered his pipe to be brought, and he had a smoke. When Turilira had finished his pipe, and Ting-a-Ling had nearly sneezed himself to death, and the whole atmosphere for about a mile around the castle was foggy with smoke, they went in to bed.

Turilira took Ting-a-Ling upstairs and showed

him where he was to sleep; and then putting him down on the bed, he bade him good night, and went out and shut the door after him.

Ting-a-Ling stood in the middle of the bed and looked about him. It was as if he were in the midst of a great plain. The bed was a double one, that had belonged to the Giant's father and mother, and he had given it to Ting-a-Ling because it was the best in the house. The little fairy was delighted with this bed, which was very smooth and covered with a great white counterpane. He ran from one end to the other of it, and he turned heels-over-head, and walked on his hands, and amused himself in this way until he was thoroughly tired out. Then he lay right down in the very middle and went to sleep. I would like to have a picture of Ting-a-Ling in the Giant's bed, but any one can draw it so easily for himself, that it is of no use to have it here. All that is necessary is to take a large sheet of white paper—the largest you can get—and in the center of it make a small dot—the smallest you can make—and there you have your picture.

It must have been nearly morning when Ting-a-

Ling was awakened by a tremendous knocking at the front door of the castle. The first thought he had was that perhaps there were his things! But he forgot that a very small and probably tired-out fairy (for Parsley's younger brother was to come with the baggage), in charge of a beetle in the same condition, could hardly make such a thundering noise as that. But he jumped up and slid down on the floor, and as his room was a front one, he went to the window, and climbing up the curtains, got outside and looked down. There, in the moonlight, he saw an ordinary-sized man on horseback, directing about a dozen black slaves who had hold of a long rope, which they had tied to the knocker of Turilira's door. They were all pulling away at it as hard as they could (and a mighty pounding they made, too) when the Giant put his head out of the window and asked what all this noise meant.

"Oh, good Turilira!" cried the man on the horse. "I have ridden for several days" (he said nothing about his slaves having run all the way) "to come to you, and tell you that the Kyrofatalapynx is loose."

"What!" cried Turilira, in a voice like the explosion of a powder magazine. "Loose!"

"Yes," said the man. "He's been loose for four days."

The Giant pulled in his head, and Ting-a-Ling could hear him hurrying downstairs to open the great door. The man came in and all the slaves, and as a good many of Turilira's people were up by this time, there was a great hubbub of voices in the lower hall; but though Ting-a-Ling listened up by the banisters until the cold wind on the staircase had nearly frozen his little bare legs (which were not much longer than your fingernail, and about as thick as a big darning-needle), he could make out nothing at all of the talk. So he went back to the bed, and got in under the edge of the counterpane, and lay there, with just his head sticking out, until he dropped asleep. At daybreak Turilira came into the room, and stooping over the bed, called to him to get up, as there was to be an early breakfast. As the Giant carried him downstairs on his finger, he told the fairy that he was deeply grieved, but that he would be obliged to

leave him for the rest of the day, on account of the Kyrofatalapynx having broken loose.

"But what is that?" asked Ting-a-Ling.

"Why, don't you know? It is a— Look here, you fellows! Didn't I tell you that breakfast was to be all ready when I came down? Skip now, and have everything ready this minute."

And the men skipped, and the cooks cooked, and the fires blazed, and the pots boiled and bubbled, and the Giant sat down in a great hurry, with the man who came on horseback sitting cross-legged on one side of the table, and Ting-a-Ling on the other. So he forgot to finish his sentence about the Kyrofatalapynx. During the meal there was nothing but noise and confusion, and Ting-a-Ling could not get in a word. The Giant had a dish of broiled sheep before him, and he was crunching them up as fast as he could, and talking, with his mouth full, to the man all the time; and the slaves and the servants were all eating and drinking, and running about, until there was no hearing one's own voice, unless it was a very big one. So, although Ting-a-Ling was dying of curiosity to know what

the Kyrofatalapynx was, he could not get an answer from any one. As soon as the Giant was done eating, he jumped up and shouted for his hat and his boots; and if the men did not run fast enough, he shouted at them all the louder. If Ting-a-Ling had not stayed on the table, I don't know what would have become of him in the confusion. The Giant had now pushed off his slippers, and was waiting until the men should bring his boots; and as one lazy fellow was poking around, as if he was half asleep, Turilira was so irritated at his slowness that he slipped the toe of his stockinged foot under him, and gave him a tremendous send right out of the door, and he went flying over the trees at the bottom of the lawn, and over the barley field on the other side of the ditch, and over the pasture, where the cows were kept, and over the pomegranate orchard, and over the palm grove by the little lake, and over Hassan ab Kolyar's cottage, right smack down into the soft marsh, back of the sunflower garden; and he didn't get back to the castle until his master had been gone an hour. As the Giant sat on the edge of the table pulling on his boots, he told Ting-a-Ling that he

must make himself as comfortable as possible until he came back, and that he would not be gone longer than he could possibly help. But although the fairy asked him again and again to tell him what the Kyrofatalapynx was, he never seemed to hear him, so busy was he talking to everybody at once.

Now Turilira was nearly ready to go, and Ting-a-Ling was standing close to the fringe of his scarf, which lay over one end of the table.

"How I should like to go with him," said the little fairy, and he took hold of the fringe. "But he doesn't want me, or he would take me along. I would ask him, if he would only be quiet a minute—"

Just then up jumped the Giant; and as Ting-a-Ling had not let go of the fringe, he was jerked up, too. He held on bravely; and as he did not wish to swing about on the scarf, he climbed up to the Giant's shoulder, and took tight hold of his long hair. With the man and his slaves in a large round basket in one hand and his great club in the other, away went Turilira, with strides longer than across the street, and he walked so fast that Ting-

a-Ling had to hold on tight to keep from blowing away.

About noon they came to a large palace, surrounded by smaller dwellings; and on the porch of the palace there stood a king and a queen and three princesses, and they were all crying. On the steps, in the grounds and gardens, and everywhere, were the lords and ladies and common people, and they were all crying, too. When these disconsolate people saw the Giant approaching, they set up a great shout of joy and rushed to meet him, calling out, "Oh, the Kyrofatalapynx has broken loose!"

Turilira went up to the palace and sat down on the great portico, with his feet on the ground, and the people told him (all speaking at once, and not having even manners enough to let the King have the first say) that the Kyrofatalapynx had grown awfully strong and savage since the Giant had tied him up, and that he had at last broken loose and was now ravaging the country. He had carried off ever so many camels, and horses, and sheep, and oxen, and had threatened to eat up every person in those parts who was under age. But since he had found out that they had sent for

Turilira he had gone into the forest, and they knew not when he would come forth. Then up spoke a woodman above all the clamor, and he said he knew when he would come out, for he had been in the forest that morning and had stumbled on the Kyrofatalapynx, which was so busy making something that he didn't see him; and he heard him mutter to himself, over and over again, "When he comes, I'll rush out and finish him, and then I'll be head of them all."

"All right," cried Turilira. "I'll wait down here by the edge of the forest; and when he sees me, he can rush out, and then you will all soon know who will be finished."

So the Giant went over to the wood and sat down and waited. After a while he got very sleepy, and he thought he would take a little nap until the Kyrofatalapynx should come. In order that the people might wake him up in time, he tied a long rope to one of his ear-rings (his eyes had been a little weak in his youth), and everybody took hold of the end of the rope, and they promised to pull good and hard when they heard the trees crushing in the forest. So the Giant went to sleep, and the

people all listened for the Kyrofatalapynx—holding their breath and standing ready to jerk the rope when he should come.

Poor little Ting-a-Ling was nearly consumed with curiosity. What *was* the Kyrofatalapynx? He slipped down to the ground without being noticed by anybody; and, as they all seemed so intent listening and watching, he felt afraid to speak to any of them. Directly a happy thought struck him.

"I will go into the wood myself. Whatever the Kyfymytaly-gyby is, he won't be likely to see me, and I can run and tell Turilira where he is before he comes out of the wood."

So away he went, and soon was deep in the darkness of the forest. But he could hear no noise and saw nothing that appeared to have life. Even the very birds and insects seemed to have flown away. After wandering some distance, he suddenly met a fairy, a little bit of a fellow, but somewhat larger than himself, and entirely green. Ting-a-Ling spoke to him and told him what he was after.

"That isn't exactly his name," said the green fairy politely, "but I know what you mean. If you come this way, I can show him to you."

So Ting-a-Ling followed him, and presently they came to the edge of an opening in the middle of the forest; and there, sure enough, was the Kyro-fatalapynx. With one of his great red tails coiled around an immense oak tree and the other around a huge rock, he sat with his elephantine legs gathered up under him, as if he were about to spring over the tree tops. But he had no such idea. In his great hands, as big as traveling-trunks, he held a long iron bar, one end of which he was sharpening against a stone. By his side lay an immense bow, made of a tall young yew tree, and the cord was a long and tough grapevine. As he sat sharpening his great arrow, he grinned until his horrid teeth looked like a pale-fence around a little garden, and he muttered to himself as he worked away, "Four hundred and nine more rubs, and I can send it twang through him; twang, twang, twang!"

"Isn't he horrid?" whispered Ting-a-Ling.

"Yes, indeed," said the green fairy. "When he was young he came out of the mouth of a volcano; and the King here, who is very fond of wonderful things, got Turilira to catch him and chain him up for him in a great yard he had made for him. But

now that he is grown up, no chains can hold him, and I expect he will kill the Giant with that great iron arrow before he can come near him."

"Oh!" cried Ting-a-Ling. "He mustn't do that. We must never let him do that."

"We!" said the fairy, in a voice of astonishment.

"Yes, yes, I mean us. Oh, what shall we do? Let's cut his bowstring," said Ting-a-Ling in great excitement, and drawing his little sword.

The green fairy, although polite, could not help laughing at this idea; but Ting-a-Ling slipped softly to where the bow was lying, a little behind the Kyrofatalapynx, and commenced to cut away at it; but although the green fairy took the sword when he was tired, they could make but little impression on the stout grapevine, nearly as thick as they were high.

"Let's nick the sword," said Ting-a-Ling, "and then it will be a saw." And so, with a sharp little flint, they nicked the edge of it, and the edge of the green fairy's knife (for he had no sword), and as they commenced to saw away as hard as they could at the grapevine, they heard the Kyrofatalapynx

muttering, "Only three hundred and seven more rubs, and then—twang, twang twang!"

They worked like little heroes now; and as the fairy's sword was of the sharpest steel, they cut a good way into the vine; but just when they were nearly tired out, they heard the words, "Ninety-three more rubs, and—twang, twang, twang!"

"Oh, let's saw, let's saw!" cried Ting-a-Ling (and it's a wonder the Kyrofatalapynx did not hear him), and they worked as hard as they did at first.

"Six more rubs, and—twang, twang, twang!" cried the Kyrofatalapynx, and the two little fairies fell down exhausted and disheartened. The vine was cut but little more than half through.

Up rose the mighty creature, and with his bow and arrow in his hands he pushed quietly through the wood. The two fairies jumped up in a few minutes and hurried after him, and as he went very slowly, so as not to be perceived, they reached the edge of the wood just as he crashed out into the open field.

"Oh!!!" shouted all the people, and they pulled the rope with a terrible jerk. Up sprang the Giant,

but there stood the Kyrofatalapynx, with his long iron arrow already fitted into his bow. "Ha, ha!" he cried. "I shall put it through you—twang!" And he drew his arrow to its very head, and all the people fell down on their faces, and even Turilira turned a little pale. But snap! went the bowstring, and down fell the arrow! Then up rushed the Giant, and with one crushing blow of his rock-ribbed club, he laid the Kyrofatalapynx stone-dead!

The King, and the Queen, and the princesses, and all the people, jumped up, and in their wild joy they would have kissed the clothes off the good Giant, had he been willing to wait.

"All right!" he cried. "I must be off. I've a friend at home waiting for me. No thanks. You can stuff him now. Good-by!" And away he went, and poor little Ting-a-Ling was left behind! When he saw the Giant walking away, like a steam-engine on stilts, Ting-a-Ling began to cry.

"Did you come with him?" said the green fairy. "Well, he's gone, and you can live with me now."

But Ting-a-Ling was so overcome with sorrow and begged so hard that his new friend should tell

him of some way to follow the Giant that the latter, after thinking awhile, took him up into the King's pigeon-house. Warning him to be careful not to let any of the birds pick him up, the green fairy pointed out a gray pigeon to Ting-a-Ling.

"Now," said he, "if we can get a string around the middle feather of his tail, we are all right."

"How so?" asked Ting-a-Ling.

"Why, then you get on, and start him off, and by pulling the string you can make him go anywhere you wish; for, you know, he steers himself by his tail."

"Good!" cried Ting-a-Ling, and they both looked for a string. When they had found one they stole up to the pigeon, who was eating corn, and tied it fast to the middle feather of his tail, without his knowing anything about it.

"Now, jump on and I'll start him off," said the green fairy; and Ting-a-Ling ran up the pigeon's tail (which almost touched the floor) and took his seat on its back, holding tight on to its feathers. Then the green fairy ran around to the pigeon's head and shouted in its ear, as it was pecking corn, "*Hawk!*"

The bird just lifted up its head and gave one shoot right out of the window of the pigeon-house. It went high up into the air; and Ting-a-Ling, when he looked around and saw which way he ought to go, pulled his string this way and that way, and he found that he could steer the pigeon very well, and even make him keep up in the air, by pulling his tail-feather straight up. So on they went, and they got to the Giant's castle before the Giant himself. The pigeon flew over the castle, but Ting-a-Ling steered him back again, and backward and forward, two or three times, until the bird thought he might as well stop there; and so he alighted on the roof, and off jumped Ting-a-Ling. The first thing he saw there, after the pigeon had flown away again, was the green fairy!

"Why, where did you come from?" cried Ting-a-Ling.

"Oh," said the other, laughing and jumping up and down, "I thought I'd come, too, and I hung on to his leg. It was nice sitting up among his warm feathers, when his legs were curled up under him; a great deal better than being on top."

Ting-a-Ling was very glad to have his friend

with him, and he took him downstairs. When the Giant got home, there they were, both in the middle of the table in the great hall, ready to welcome him. Turilira did not ask where the green fairy came from; but he was glad to see him, and he ordered supper to be laid on a table out on the lawn; for he was warm with his long walk. After supper, the two fairies came down to the Giant's end of the table, and he told them all that had happened, and how fortunate it was that the bowstring of the Kyrofatalapynx had broken.

"He did it!" cried the green fairy, pointing to Ting-a-Ling; and then he told the whole story of their doings, and Ting-a-ling had to explain how he had gone with the Giant. Turilira listened until they had quite finished, and then exclaimed, "Well! I never saw such a little thing as you are, Ting-a-Ling, for being in the right place at the right time. Never, never!" And he brought his hand down on the table with such an emphatic bang, that Ting-a-Ling and the green fairy shot into the air like rifle-balls. Ting-a-Ling went up, up, and up, until a high wind took him, and it blew him over a river, and a wood, and a high hill, and

a wide plain, and then he fell down, down, down —right into the middle of a soft powder puff-ball, with which a lady was powdering her neck.

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed the lady, when she saw a little fairy in the puff-ball that she was just going to put up to her throat.

"It's only I, Nerralina," cried Ting-a-Ling, who immediately recognized her; "wait a minute, until I get my breath."

Sure enough, it was Nerralina, the Princess' lady, who had been on a visit to her mother in a distant country, and returning, had ordered her slaves to pitch her tent where she now was, about half a day's journey from the palace. Ting-a-Ling told his story, and they had a nice time, talking of their past adventures; and in the morning Nerralina took Ting-a-Ling with her to his home in the palace gardens.

As to the green fairy, he came down in a spider web. When he got out and stood on the grass, he said, "I shall not go back to that Giant. He is good, but he is too violent."

So he went to the river and got a nice chip, and he loaded it with honeysuckles and clover blos-

soms, and pushed it off into the stream; he then lay down on his back in the middle of his clover, and sucking a honeysuckle, floated away in the moonlight, down to his home, where he arrived in two or three days, just as his honeysuckles were all gone.

When Turilira saw what he had done, he was in great trouble indeed. He ordered all his slaves to bring their little children, and he gathered up great handfuls of them, and spread them out all over the grass, so that they might look for the two lost fairies. But of course they could not find them; and just as the sun was setting, and the Giant was going to bed in despair, there came a horseman from Nerralina, telling him that Ting-a-Ling was safe and was going home with her. Early in the morning Turilira went to the palace gardens, and Ting-a-Ling seeing him, they went down to the wood where they were when this story opened. Turilira wanted Ting-a-Ling to go back and finish his visit.

"No," said the fairy. "I like you very much indeed, but I'm afraid I'm 'most too little for your house."

"Perhaps that's true," said the Giant; "and when you want to see them, there are so many good people here in the palace. I am sure I like common humans very much, and I would wish to be with them always, if they were not so little."

"I like them, too," said Ting-a-Ling, "and would live with them all the time, if they were not so big."

KURATKO THE TERRIBLE

BY

PARKER FILLMORE

KURATKO THE TERRIBLE[1]

THERE was once an old couple who had no children.

"If only we had a chick or a child of our own!" Grandmother used to say. "Think how we could pet it and take care of it!"

But Grandfather always answered, "Not at all! We are very well off as we are."

At last the old black hen in the barnyard hatched out a chick. Grandmother was delighted.

"See, Grandpa," she said, "now we have a chick of our own."

But Grandfather shook his head doubtfully. "I don't like the looks of that chick. There's something strange about it."

[1] Taken by permission from Parker Fillmore's *The Shoemaker's Apron*. Published and copyrighted by Harcourt, Brace and Company.

But Grandmother wouldn't listen. To her the chick seemed everything it should be. She called it Kuratko and petted it and pampered it as though it were an only child.

Kuratko grew apace, and soon he developed an awful appetite.

"Cockadoodledoo!" he shouted at all hours of the day. "I'm hungry! Give me something to eat!"

"You mustn't feed that chick so much!" Grandfather grumbled. "He's eating us out of house and home."

But Grandmother wouldn't listen. She fed Kuratko and fed him until sure enough, there came a day when there was nothing left for herself and the old man.

That was a nice how-do-you-do! Grandmother sat working at her spinning-wheel, trying to forget that she was hungry, and Grandfather sat on his stool near by, too cross to speak to her. And then, quite as though nothing were the matter, Kuratko strutted into the room, flapped his wings, and crowed: "Cockadoodledoo! I'm hungry! Give me something to eat!"

"Not another blessed thing will I ever feed you, you greedy chick!" Grandfather shouted.

"Cockadoodledoo!" Kuratko answered. "Then I'll just eat you!"

With that he made one peck at Grandfather and swallowed him down, stool and all!

"Oh, Kuratko!" Grandmother cried. "Where's Grandpa?"

"Cockadoodledoo!" Kuratko remarked. "I'm still hungry. I think I'll eat you!"

And with that he made one peck at Grandmother and swallowed her down, spinning-wheel and all!

Then that terrible chick went strutting down the road, crowing merrily!

He met a washerwoman at work over her wash-tub.

"Good gracious, Kuratko!" the woman cried. "What a great big crop you've got!"

"Cockadoodledoo!" Kuratko said. "I should think my crop was big, for haven't I just eaten Grandmother, spinning-wheel and all, and Grandfather, stool and all? But I'm still hungry, so now I'm going to eat you!"

Before the poor woman knew what was happen-

ing, Kuratko made one peck at her and swallowed her down, wash-tub and all!

Then he strutted on down the road, crowing merrily.

Presently he came to a company of soldiers.

"Good gracious, Kuratko!" the soldiers cried. "What a great big crop you've got!"

"Cockadoodledoo!" Kuratko replied. "I should think my crop was big, for haven't I just eaten a washerwoman, tub and all, Grandmother, spinning-wheel and all, and Grandfather, stool and all? But I'm still hungry, so now I'm going to eat you!"

Before the soldiers knew what was happening, Kuratko pecked at them, and swallowed them down, bayonets and all, one after another, like so many grains of wheat!

Then that terrible chick went on strutting down the road, crowing merrily.

Soon he met Kotsor the cat. Kotsor the cat blinked his eyes and worked his whiskers in surprise.

"Good gracious, Kuratko, what a great big crop you've got!"

"Cockadoodledoo!" Kuratko said. "I should think my crop was big, for haven't I just eaten a company of soldiers, bayonets and all; a washerwoman, tub and all; Grandmother, spinning-wheel and all; and Grandfather, stool and all? But I'm still hungry, so now I'm going to eat you!"

Before Kotsor the cat knew what was happening, Kuratko made one peck at him and swallowed him down.

But Kotsor the cat was not a person to submit tamely to such an indignity. The moment he found himself inside Kuratko he unsheathed his claws and began to scratch and tear. He worked until he had torn a great hole in Kuratko's crop. At that Kuratko, the Terrible Chick, when he tried to crow, toppled over, dead!

Then Kotsor the cat jumped out of Kuratko's crop; after him the company of soldiers marched out; and after them the washerwoman with her tub, Grandmother with her spinning-wheel, and Grandfather with his stool. And they all went about their business. Kotsor the cat followed Grandmother and Grandfather home and begged them to give him Kuratko for his dinner.

"You may have him for all of me," Grandfather said. "But ask Grandmother. He was her little pet, not mine."

"Indeed, you may have him," Grandmother said. "I see now Grandfather was right. Kuratko was certainly an ungrateful chick, and I never want to hear his name again."

So Kotsor the cat had a wonderful dinner, and to this day when he remembers it he licks his chops and combs his whiskers.

A CHINESE FAIRY TALE

BY

LAURENCE HOUSMAN

A CHINESE FAIRY TALE[1]

TIKI-PU was a small grub of a thing; but he had a true love of Art deep down in his soul. There it hung mewing and complaining, struggling to work its way out through the raw exterior that bound it.

Tiki-pu's master professed to be an artist: he had apprentices and students, who came daily to work under him, and a large studio littered about with the performances of himself and his pupils. On the walls hung also a few real works by the older men, all long since dead.

This studio Tiki-pu swept; for those who worked in it he ground colors, washed brushes, and ran errands, bringing them their dog chops and bird's-

[1] Taken by permission from Laurence Housman's *Moonshine and Clover.* Published by Harcourt, Brace and Company.

nest soup from the nearest eating-house whenever they were too busy to go out to it themselves. He himself had to feed mainly on the bread crumbs which the students screwed into pellets for their drawings and then threw about upon the floor. It was on the floor, also, that he had to sleep at night.

Tiki-pu looked after the blinds, and mended the paper window-panes, which were often broken when the apprentices threw their brushes and mahlsticks at him. Also he strained rice-paper over the linen-stretchers, ready for the painters to work on; and for a treat, now and then, a lazy one would allow him to mix a color for him. Then it was that Tiki-pu's soul came down into his finger-tips, and his heart beat so that he gasped for joy. Oh, the yellows and the greens, and the lakes and the cobalts, and the purples which sprang from the blending of them! Sometimes it was all he could do to keep himself from crying out.

Tiki-pu, while he squatted and ground at the color-powders, would listen to his master lecturing to the students. He knew by heart the names of all the painters and their schools, and the name of the great leader of them all, who had lived and

passed from their midst more than three hundred years ago; he knew that too, a name like the sound of the wind, Wio-wani: the big picture at the end of the studio was by him.

That picture! To Tiki-pu it seemed worth all the rest of the world put together. He knew, too, the story which was told of it, making it as holy to his eyes as the tombs of his own ancestors. The apprentices joked over it, calling it "Wio-wani's back door," "Wio-wani's night-cap," and many other nicknames; but Tiki-pu was quite sure, since the picture was so beautiful, that the story must be true.

Wio-wani, at the end of a long life, had painted it; a garden full of trees and sunlight, with high-standing flowers and green paths, and in their midst a palace. "The place where I would like to rest," said Wio-wani, when it was finished.

So beautiful was it then, that the Emperor himself had come to see it; and gazing enviously at those peaceful walks, and the palace nestling among the trees, had sighed and owned that he too would be glad of such a resting-place. Then Wio-wani stepped into the picture and walked away

along a path till he came, looking quite small and far off, to a low door in the palace wall. Opening it, he turned and beckoned to the Emperor; but the Emperor did not follow; so Wio-wani went in by himself, and shut the door between himself and the world forever.

That happened three hundred years ago; but for Tiki-pu the story was as fresh and true as if it had happened yesterday. When he was left to himself in the studio, all alone and locked up for the night, Tiki-pu used to go and stare at the picture till it was too dark to see, and at the little palace with the door in its wall by which Wio-wani had disappeared out of life. Then his soul would go down into his finger-tips, and he would knock softly and fearfully at the beautifully painted door, saying, "Wio-wani, are you there?"

Little by little in the long-thinking nights, and the slow early mornings when light began to creep back through the papered windows of the studio, Tiki-pu's soul became too much for him. He who could strain paper, and grind colors, and wash brushes, had everything within reach for becoming

an artist, if it was the will of Fate that he should.

He began timidly at first, but in a little while he grew bold. With the first wash of light he was up from his couch on the hard floor and was daubing his soul out on scraps, and odds and ends, and stolen pieces of rice-paper.

Before long the short spell of daylight which lay between dawn and the arrival of the apprentices at their work did not suffice him. It took him so long to hide all traces of his doings, to wash out the brushes and rinse clean the paint-pots he had used, and on the top of that to get the studio swept and dusted, that there was hardly time left him in which to indulge the itchings of his fingers.

Driven by necessity, he became a pilferer of candle-ends, picking them from their sockets in lanterns which the students carried on dark nights. Now and then one of these would remember that, when last used, his lantern had had a candle in it and would accuse Tiki-pu of having stolen it. "It is true," he would confess; "I was hungry—I have eaten it." The lie was so probable, he was believed easily, and was well beaten accordingly. Down in

the ragged linings of his coat Tiki-pu could hear the candle-ends rattling as the buffeting and chastisement fell upon him, and often he trembled lest his hoard should be discovered. But the truth of the matter never leaked out; and at night, as soon as he guessed that all the world outside was in bed, Tiki-pu would mount one of his candles on a wooden stand and paint by the light of it, blinding himself over his task, until the dawn came and gave him a better and cheaper light to work by.

Taki-pu quite hugged himself over the results; he believed he was doing very well. "If only Wio-wani were here to teach me," thought he, "I should be in the way to becoming a great painter!"

The resolution came to him one night that Wio-wani *should* teach him. So he took a large piece of rice-paper and strained it, and sitting down opposite "Wio-wani's back door," began painting. He had never set himself so big a task as this; by the dim stumbling light of his candle he strained his eyes nearly blind over the difficulties of it; and at last was almost driven to despair. How the trees stood row behind row, with air and sunlight be-

tween, and how the path went in and out, winding its way up to the little door in the palace-wall, were mysteries he could not fathom. He peered and peered and dropped tears into his paint-pots; but the secret of the mystery of such painting was far beyond him.

The door in the palace-wall opened; out came a little old man and began walking down the pathway toward him.

The soul of Tiki-pu gave a sharp leap in his grubby little body. "That must be Wio-wani himself and no other!" cried his soul.

Tiki-pu pulled off his cap and threw himself down on the floor with reverent grovelings. When he dared to look up again Wio-wani stood over him big and fine; just within the edge of his canvas he stood and reached out a hand.

"Come along with me, Tiki-pu!" said the great one. "If you want to know how to paint I will teach you."

"Oh, Wio-wani, were you there all the while?" cried Tiki-pu ecstatically, leaping up and clutching with his smeary little puds the hand which the old man extended to him.

"I was there," said Wio-wani, "looking at you out of my little window. Come along in!"

Tiki-pu took a heave and swung himself into the picture, and fairly capered when he found his feet among the flowers of Wio-wani's beautiful garden. Wio-wani had turned, and was ambling gently back to the door of his palace, beckoning to the small one to follow him; and there stood Tiki-pu, opening his mouth like a fish to all the wonders that surrounded him. "Celestiality, may I speak?" he said suddenly.

"Speak," replied Wio-wani; "what is it?"

"The Emperor, was he not the very flower of fools not to follow when you told him?"

"I cannot say," answered Wio-wani, "but he certainly was no artist."

Then he opened the door, that door which he had so beautifully painted, and led Tiki-pu in. And outside the little candle-end sat and guttered by itself, till the wick fell overboard, and the flame kicked itself out, leaving the studio in darkness and solitude to wait for the growings of another dawn.

It was full day before Tiki-pu reappeared; he

came running down the green path in great haste, jumped out of the frame on to the studio floor, and began tidying up his own messes of the night, and the apprentices' of the previous day. Only just in time did he have things ready by the hour when his master and the others returned to their work.

All that day they kept scratching their left ears, and could not think why; but Tiki-pu knew, for he was saying over to himself all the things that Wio-wani, the great painter, had been saying about them and their precious productions. And as he ground their colors for them and washed their brushes, and filled his famished little body with the bread crumbs they threw away, little they guessed from what an immeasurable distance he looked down upon them all, and had Wio-wani's word for it tickling his right ear all the day long.

Now before long Tiki-pu's master noticed a change in him; and though he bullied him, and thrashed him, and did all that a careful master should do, he could not get the change out of him. So in a short while he grew suspicious. "What is the boy up to?" he wondered. "I have my eye on

him all day: it must be at night that he gets into mischief."

It did not take Tiki-pu's master a night's watching to find that something surreptitious was certainly going on. When it was dark he took up his post outside the studio, to see whether by any chance Tiki-pu had some way of getting out; and before long he saw a faint light showing through the window. So he came and thrust his finger softly through one of the panes, and put his eye to the hole.

There inside was a candle burning on a stand, and Tiki-pu squatting with paint-pots and brush in front of Wio-wani's last masterpiece.

"What fine piece of burglary is this?" thought he; "what serpent have I been harboring in my bosom? Is this beast of a grub of a boy thinking to make himself a painter and cut me out of my reputation and prosperity?" For even at that distance he could perceive plainly that the work of this boy went head and shoulders beyond his, or that of any painter then living.

Presently Wio-wani opened his door and came down the path, as was his habit now each night,

to call Tiki-pu to his lesson. He advanced to the front of his picture and beckoned for Tiki-pu to come in with him; and Tiki-pu's master grew clammy at the knees as he beheld Tiki-pu catch hold of Wio-wani's hand and jump into the picture, and skip up the green path by Wio-wani's side, and in through the little door that Wio-wani had painted so beautifully in the end wall of his palace!

For a time Tiki-pu's master stood glued to the spot with grief and horror. "Oh, you deadly little underling! Oh, you poisonous little caretaker, you parasite, you vampire, you fly in amber!" cried he. "Is that where you get your training? Is it there that you dare to go trespassing; into a picture that I purchased for my own pleasure and profit, and not at all for yours? Very soon we will see whom it really belongs to!"

He ripped out the paper of the largest window-pane and pushed his way through into the studio. Then in great haste he took up paint-pot and brush, and sacrilegiously set himself to work upon Wio-wani's last masterpiece. In the place of the doorway by which Tiki-pu had entered he painted a

solid brick wall; twice over he painted it, making it two bricks thick; brick by brick he painted it, and mortared every brick to its place. And when he had quite finished, he laughed, and called "Good night, Tiki-pu!" and went home to be quite happy.

The next day all the apprentices were wondering what had become of Tiki-pu; but as the master himself said nothing, and as another boy came to act as color-grinder and brush-washer to the establishment, they very soon forgot all about him.

In the studio the master used to sit at work with his students all about him, and a mind full of ease and contentment. Now and then he would throw a glance across to the bricked-up doorway of Wio-wani's palace and laugh to himself, thinking how well he had served out Tiki-pu for his treachery and presumption.

One day—it was five years after the disappearance of Tiki-pu—he was giving his apprentices a lecture on the glories and the beauties and the wonders of Wio-wani's painting—how nothing for color could excel, or for mystery could equal it. To add point to his eloquence, he stood waving his hands before Wio-wani's last masterpiece, and all

his students and apprentices sat around him, and looked.

Suddenly he stopped at mid-word and broke off in the full flight of his eloquence, as he saw something like a hand come and take down the top brick from the face of paint which he had laid over the little door in the palace-wall which Wio-wani had so beautifully painted. In another moment there was no doubt about it; brick by brick the wall was being pulled down, in spite of its double thickness.

The lecturer was altogether too dumbfounded and terrified to utter a word. He and all his apprentices stood round and stared while the demolition of the wall proceeded. Before long he recognized Wio-wani with his flowing white beard; it was his handiwork, this pulling down of the wall! He still had a brick in his hand when he stepped through the opening that he had made, and close after him stepped Tiki-pu!

Tiki-pu was grown tall and strong—he was even handsome; but for all that his old master recognized him, and saw with an envious foreboding that under his arms he carried many rolls and stretchers and portfolios, and other belongings of

his craft. Clearly Tiki-pu was coming back into the world and was going to be a great painter.

Down the garden path came Wio-wani, and Tiki-pu walked after him; Tiki-pu was so tall that his head stood well over Wio-wani's shoulders—old man and young man together made a handsome pair.

How big Wio-wani grew as he walked down the avenues of his garden and into the foreground of his picture! and how big the brick in his hand! and ah, how angry he seemed!

Wio-wani came right down to the edge of the picture-frame and held up the brick. "What did you do that for?" he asked.

"I . . . didn't!" Tiki-pu's old master was beginning to reply; and the lie was still rolling on his tongue when the weight of the brickbat, hurled by the stout arm of Wio-wani, felled him. After that he never spoke again. That brickbat, which he himself had reared, became his own tombstone.

Just inside the picture-frame stood Tiki-pu, kissing the wonderful hands of Wio-wani, which had taught him all their skill. "Good-by, Tiki-pu!" said Wio-wani, embracing him tenderly. "Now I

am sending my second self into the world. When you are tired and want rest come back to me: old Wio-wani will take you in."

Tiki-pu was sobbing and the tears were running down his cheeks as he stepped out of Wio-wani's wonderfully painted garden and stood once more upon earth. Turning, he saw the old man walking away along the path toward the little door under the palace-wall. At the door Wio-wani turned back and waved his hand for the last time. Tiki-pu still stood watching him. Then the door opened and shut, and Wio-wani was gone. Softly as a flower the picture seemed to have folded its leaves over him.

Tiki-pu leaned a wet face against the picture and kissed the door in the palace-wall which Wio-wani had painted so beautifully. "Oh, Wio-wani, dear master," he cried, "are you there?"

He waited, and called again, but no voice answered him.

HUNGRY HANS

TRANSLATED BY

LOUIS UNTERMEYER

HUNGRY HANS[1]

CLOSE to Seldwyla there lived an apothecary who could always be found hard at work. Early and late, he busied himself with pills and powders and potions and drugs and ointments and salves. He mixed medicines, distilled extracts, registered letters, and never gave himself a moment's leisure. He never invited company to his house, never accepted any invitations, refused to go to places of amusement. Year in, year out, he never set foot in a tavern, and he abused anybody who, after his day's work, sat down to a glass of country wine. His beloved better half attended to the house. She kept no maid, did everything herself; scouring and scrubbing, baking and broiling, mend-

[1] Taken by permission from *The Fat of the Cat* by Gottfried Keller, translated by Louis Untermeyer. Published and copyrighted by Harcourt, Brace and Company.

ing and knitting—she attended to every detail. Like her husband, she stayed at home; never went to pay visits or attend the dances in Seldwyla. The only time she left the house was on Sunday, when, with her husband, she walked stiffly to church.

Clever though they were in many ways, they had one fault which every one noticed at once—and which you have already guessed—their stinginess. They were, so ran the gossip, the stingiest couple in Switzerland. But they were not miserly with themselves. Far from it! They enjoyed the best of food. The most delicate dishes came to their table every day, the finest wines trickled down their throats every evening, the most expensive tobacco was crammed into the apothecary's pipe after every meal. But when it came to sharing anything with some one else, they would not part with the tiniest morsel. She cooked the richest meats—and refused to give the ragged beggars an old crust of bread. He finished a whole bottle of rare claret every night—and wouldn't move from his chair to oblige thirsty travelers with a glass of water.

When I tell you that they did not keep a maid, do not think that they did their own work because

they believed in hard work for its own sake. No, the reason is much simpler. They kept no maid because no maid would stay with them. And no maid would stay with them because she never got enough to eat. While these two gluttons gorged themselves, all they ever gave the servants (when they had them) was a plate of wretched soup, a piece of old bread, and, once a week, a few greasy scraps of left-over meat. Because of this kind of treatment, the apothecary's whole staff of assistants had been reduced to one apprentice, a lean and starved-looking boy who had twice run away from his master, but who was bound by contract to serve four years and who had been brought back each time. He was over six feet high—for the only way he could grow was up. This poor youngster was made to do the work of half a dozen able-bodied men; he was continually being called from the laboratory to the kitchen, from the kitchen to the storeroom, from the attic to the cellar, and back again—all in a few minutes. Often his master in the workroom and his mistress in the pantry would call for him at once. And then he would be thrashed for not being in both places at the same time!

HUNGRY HANS

Hans—for this was the name of the lanky apprentice—was always hungry. Ever since he could remember, he had not had enough to eat. He had been born hungry. He went about his work in a daze, thinking of nothing but food. The only dreams he had were about wonderful feasts; he imagined heaven as a place where the good souls ate and ate through all eternity. All day long he went sniffing through the rooms, and if there was anything to eat standing around, you can be sure his five fingers were in it. He had been caught and whipped hundreds of times. His back was black and blue from the marks of his master's brown-lacquered cane; his face showed scratches from his mistress's sharp claws. But his hunger was greater than his fear. He dipped into everything; his muscles seemed to move by themselves, without his will. Often he peeked through the keyhole where his greedy employers were devouring some fragrant repast, and his jaws began working up and down of their own accord, even though he had nothing in his mouth except his teeth.

His favorite place was, as you might imagine, the pantry. Here were kept cocoa, sugar, cookies,

chocolate, syrups, delicious flavoring-extracts, honey, and so forth. And here, whenever he got a chance, Hans would come, tasting, chewing, and swallowing, no matter how often the brown-lacquered cane fell on him in the midst of his stolen sweets. Even when his bruises hurt him most, he would come back to this enchanting spot and console himself with the famous goose-liver paste which was his master's chief pride. This paste was packed in layers in a large case, and Hans, by loosening one of the boards at the bottom, would take out a bit now and then to comfort himself. He only allowed himself this delicacy once in a while, and did not indulge himself oftener for a peculiar reason. He was fond enough of it, you may be sure, but he had to overcome a horrible feeling every time he came near the box which contained the dainties. On top of this case stood three wide-necked, carefully sealed, white glass jars which contained (in his opinion) the juiciest, most appetizing preserved fruits he had ever seen. He felt terribly unhappy because he could never taste these lovely morsels—and it was not his conscience that made him keep his hands off. It was something

stronger than his appetite that made him tremble whenever he happened to touch these jars. For, pasted on the glass, was a label, and on the label was a grinning skull and two crossed bones next to the one word "Poison"! Hans shook his head every time he saw the word.

"What a pity," he would murmur. "What a shame to use such beautiful fruit for such a terrible purpose." And, with a sigh of disappointment, he would go back to his work.

One morning—it was a Sunday—as Hans was helping himself to the goose-liver, he heard the harsh voice of his mistress calling him to the kitchen. His bad conscience almost made him feel her outstretched claws dig into him as he ran down the steps, choking down the last bite of his stolen breakfast. But a great surprise was awaiting him; an entirely different sight from what he expected met his astonished eyes. There stood the apothecary in a cinnamon-brown coat trimmed with steel-blue buttons; he had on narrow nankeen trousers, white silk stockings, fancy buckled shoes, and the hated cane swung from his hand. Next to him stood his owl-faced wife in a bright green dress with a

large fur collar. Her fingers were not preparing to scratch him as usual, but were busy sorting out the bad coins from her purse so she could put these—which were not worth anything—in the poor-box at church.

"Hans," the apothecary said, "today is the birthday of your indulgent mistress, my dear wife, and so, as a special holiday, we are going to church together."

"And here," that generous lady chimed in, "so that you won't be lonely, here is some work for you to keep you busy while we are away." And a poke in his ribs directed him to the hearth where a suckling-pig was beginning to be broiled on the spit. Already a magical fragrance was rising from it, and Hans's thirsty nostrils started to drink it in. But—"Don't stand there all day like a ninny!" came the commanding voice of the mistress of the household. "Here is what you have to do: keep turning the spit so that the meat gets good and brown all over, pour the gravy over it every few seconds so that it stays moist and tender, don't forget to rake the coals so that the fire is the right heat, but if it gets too hot and you burn any part

of the meat, I'll box your ears till the blood comes!"

This pleasant speech—which was all delivered in one breath—was scarcely out of her mouth before his master continued, "And I'll do my share, you young rascal! If the Sunday dinner is spoiled, I'll broil *you* on the spit instead of the pig that's on it now! Understand?" And with this sweet farewell, the gentle pair left the house and walked to church, where they sang the sacred hymns louder than any one in the congregation.

After the lock had turned and the backs of his two slave-drivers had disappeared down the street, Hans began to feel better, and, coming nearer the hearth, to breathe deeper.

The wonderful, sweet smell—sweeter than heavenly incense—bewitched his senses. His teeth ached for a single bite, and his jaws began to work up and down over their painful emptiness. The pigling grew browner and tenderer, and a thousand little fat bubbles, like tiny pearls, leaped and danced and disappeared and sprang up again on the smooth surface of the roast. The meat crisped and crackled and hummed and hissed, as if some-

thing alive were talking to him from the spit. And poor Hans sat there, turning and ladling and dipping and poking the fire, while the crust on the grilled meat grew more tempting, and his eyes began to have a glassy stare. Finally, when his mouth watered so that he could not sit there any longer, it seemed as if a voice spoke to him from the hissing spit.

"Every cook has the right to taste what he is preparing," said the voice in a juicy whisper, "why shouldn't *you?* How can you tell if I'm cooked properly unless you see how I taste? Here is a tiny crust toward the back; nobody will ever miss that. Besides, it's loose and is just about to fall into the fire, so you may as well have it."

"And why shouldn't I?" said Hans to himself. "The place will get smooth and brown in a minute." No sooner said than done—and down went a good-sized crust into Hans's bottomless pit.

It would be hard to describe the effect of the taste of this morsel on Hans. He sat there, licking his lips, his eyes sparkling, while a tiny trickle of fat crept out of the corners of his mouth.

"Whoever says A must say B and C," runs an

old saying. So with Hans. Almost beside himself with the taste of that first scrap, he heard the tempting voice again. "Come," it seemed to say in rich, fat tones, "enjoy yourself, you poor fellow. You have nothing else in the world except your watery soup and moldy bread and a back that's beaten black and blue. You never have an hour of pleasure; never a decent, satisfying meal. Therefore, take another little piece from me—the place will get smooth and brown again—no one will notice it."

And Hans, the poor chap, listened and obeyed. You can imagine he did not need much urging. The second piece tasted better than the first, the third still better, the fourth better still, and soon—("that's all right, the place will get brown quickly")—the entire crust had disappeared. The taste of this rich food affected him like strong wine, lifting him into another world, far away from the kitchen in Seldwyla. Strange visions came to him. He dreamed of all the great feasts in history. He fancied himself at these great banquets, helped to all the rare sweetmeats of the olden world. He was at Alexander's feast, at the great tables of the

Roman emperors, at all the festivals mentioned in the Bible. He imagined he was one of the guests at the famous marriage at Cana and had just devoured an entire game pie of stuffed capon, as the chief cook, splendid in scarlet, helped by fourteen assistant cooks, placed a whole roast ox in front of him, upright on the table. . . . And he ate this colossal dish down to the very bones! Again, he dreamed that he was one of the seven lean Egyptian oxen in the story of Joseph, and after eating all of the fat cattle, he found himself in an enormous wheat field, which he devoured until nothing was left standing but a few rocks.

During these fantastic visions, Hans had been helping himself to what was in front of him, and naturally, by this time, there was very little left of the pig. As Hans searched for more, his eyes suddenly caught sight of the one thing that remained, and its appearance made him tremble all over. It was the stiff little brown-toasted tail, which stuck out from the bones exactly like a tiny copy of the brown-lacquered cane of his master. As quick as lightning, he was hurled back to his present surroundings. The lovely dreams were scattered. The

game pie, the roast ox, the great wheat field, went the way of soap-bubbles. All Hans saw before him was the bare skeleton of the young pig, which grinned at him as though to say, "Now, my friend, *you* will have to take my place here on the spit!"

This was too much for unhappy Hans. He believed that the apothecary would do exactly what he threatened. The beating he would get would be terrible enough. But to be put on the spit—! No, that was too much. If he had to die, rather than suffer such torture, he would kill himself! But how? He had no gun, and as he hated water, he could not drown himself. But poison—ah, that was an idea! Poison was the easiest way—and what could be better than the poisoned fruit! So Hans fetched the three glass jars, made himself comfortable, and stuffed himself with preserved oranges, apples, pears, plums, peaches, and pineapples. "Ah, delicious fruit," he sighed, "too bad that you are poisonous," and sank tired and filled to the brim, in front of the hearth. There he lay, with closed eyes, awaiting death.

Suddenly he heard the door slam, and there stood—not Death—but his master, who stared at

him with open mouth and eyes popping out of his head. The apothecary thought he must be dreaming, as he looked first at what remained of the Sunday dinner and then at Hans, who, instead of being frightened, merely smiled at the furious man. "You won't have to cut my throat," murmured Hans, in a weak voice, "let me alone. I will die soon enough. Let me alone. I have poisoned myself."

"Poisoned yourself?" cried the astonished apothecary. "How? When? With what?"

"With the poisoned fruit, master. I ate all of it. The three jars are empty. Three jars, master."

"You idiot, you rascal, you outrageous villain!" shrieked the apothecary, whose face had gone purple. "That was not poison! I only pasted the labels on so that people would keep their hands off! Those three jars contained my most delicate desserts! I was keeping them for some great occasion! You thief, you scoundrel, you unspeakable robber!"—and blow after blow of the brown-lacquered cane fell on Hans's back, till his whole body shook.

But Hans's back was shaking with laughter, not

with sobs. This was more than the outraged apothecary could stand. When he saw that the more he whipped the boy, the louder Hans laughed, and that, to make matters worse, his precious cane snapped in two, his rage knew no bounds. "Get out of my sight!" he screamed. "Get out of my sight, you plunderer, and never let me see you again!"

And you can be sure that Hans did not wait for the order to be repeated. By the time the apothecary had calmed himself, Hans, although he was almost too full to move, was halfway to Goldach.

And there, a prosperous dealer in medicines, you can find him today. Any time you are passing through the town, you will see his peculiar signboard. Above a picture of two enormous jars, one on each side of a roasted pig, is this curious inscription: "*At the Sign of the Poisoned Fruit.* Everything in Food and Drugs. Cure Guaranteed."

MIGHTY MIKKO

BY

PARKER FILLMORE

MIGHTY MIKKO[1]

THERE was once an old woodsman and his wife who had an only son named Mikko. As the mother lay dying the young man wept bitterly.

"When you are gone, my dear mother," he said, "there will be no one left to think of me."

The poor woman comforted him as best she could and said to him, "You will still have your father."

Shortly after the woman's death the old man, too, was taken ill.

"Now, indeed, I shall be left desolate and alone," Mikko thought, as he sat by his father's bedside and saw him grow weaker and weaker.

"My boy," the old man said just before he died, "I have nothing to leave you but the three snares

[1] Taken by permission from Parker Fillmore's *Mighty Mikko*. Published and copyrighted by Harcourt, Brace and Company.

with which these many years I have caught wild animals. These snares now belong to you. When I am dead, go into the woods, and if you find a wild creature caught in any of them, free it gently and bring it home alive."

After his father's death, Mikko remembered the snares and went out to the woods to see them. The first was empty and also the second, but in the third he found a little red Fox. He carefully lifted the spring that had shut down on one of the Fox's feet and then carried the little creature home in his arms. He shared his supper with it, and when he lay down to sleep the Fox curled up at his feet. They lived together some time, until they became close friends.

"Mikko," said the Fox one day, "why are you so sad?"

"Because I'm lonely."

"Pooh!" said the Fox. "That's no way for a young man to talk! You ought to get married! Then you wouldn't feel lonely!"

"Married!" Mikko repeated. "How can I get married? I can't marry a poor girl, because I'm too poor myself, and a rich girl wouldn't marry me."

"Nonsense!" said the Fox. "You're a fine, well-set-up young man, and you're kind and gentle. What more could a princess ask?"

Mikko laughed to think of a princess wanting him for a husband.

"I mean what I say!" the Fox insisted. "Take our own Princess, now. What would you think of marrying her?"

Mikko laughed louder than before.

"I have heard," he said, "that she is the most beautiful princess in the world! Any man would be happy to marry her!"

"Very well," the Fox said, "if you feel that way about her, then I'll arrange the wedding for you."

With that the little Fox actually did trot off to the royal castle and gain audience with the King.

"My master sends you greetings," the Fox said, "and he begs you to lend him your bushel measure."

"My bushel measure!" the King repeated in surprise. "Who is your master, and why does he want my bushel measure?"

"Ssh!" the Fox whispered as though he didn't

want the courtiers to hear what he was saying. Then slipping up quite close to the King, he murmured in his ear:

"Surely you have heard of Mikko, haven't you? —Mighty Mikko as he's called."

The King had never heard of any Mikko who was known as Mighty Mikko, but, thinking that perhaps he should have heard of him, he shook his head and murmured, "H'm! Mikko! Mighty Mikko! Oh, to be sure! Yes, yes, of course!"

"My master is about to start off on a journey and he needs a bushel measure for a very particular reason."

"I understand! I understand!" the King said, although he didn't understand at all, and he gave orders that the bushel measure which they used in the storeroom of the castle be brought in and given to the Fox.

The Fox carried off the measure and hid it in the woods. Then he scurried about to all sorts of little out-of-the-way nooks and crannies where people had hidden their savings, and he dug up a gold piece here and a silver piece there until he had a handful. Then he went back to the woods and

stuck the various coins in the cracks of the measure. The next day he returned to the King.

"My master, Mighty Mikko," he said, "sends you thanks, O King, for the use of your bushel measure."

The King held out his hand, and when the Fox gave him the measure he peeped inside to see if by chance it contained any trace of what had recently been measured. His eye of course at once caught the glint of the gold and silver coins lodged in the cracks.

"Ah!" he said, thinking Mikko must be a very mighty lord indeed to be so careless of his wealth, "I should like to meet your master. Won't you and he come and visit me?"

This was what the Fox wanted the King to say, but he pretended to hesitate.

"I thank your Majesty for the kind invitation," he said, "but I fear my master can't accept it just now. He wants to get married soon, and we are about to start off on a long journey to inspect a number of foreign princesses."

This made the King all the more anxious to have Mikko visit him at once, for he thought that if

Mikko should see his daughter before he saw those foreign princesses he might fall in love with her and marry her.

So he said to the Fox, "My dear fellow, you must prevail on your master to make me a visit before he starts out on his travels! You will, won't you?"

The Fox looked this way and that as if he were too embarrassed to speak.

"Your Majesty," he said at last, "I pray you pardon my frankness. The truth is you are not rich enough to entertain my master and your castle isn't big enough to house the immense retinue that always attends him."

The King, who by this time was frantic to see Mikko, lost his head completely.

"My dear Fox," he said, "I'll give you anything in the world if you prevail upon your master to visit me at once! Couldn't you suggest to him to travel with a modest retinue this time?"

The Fox shook his head.

"No. His rule is either to travel with a great retinue or to go on foot disguised as a poor woodsman attended only by me."

"Couldn't you prevail on him to come to me disguised as a poor woodsman?" the King begged. "Once he was here, I could place gorgeous clothes at his disposal."

But still the Fox shook his head.

"I fear your Majesty's wardrobe doesn't contain the kind of clothes my master is accustomed to."

"I assure you I've got some very good clothes," the King said. "Come along this minute and we'll go through them and I'm sure you'll find some that your master would wear."

So they went to a room which was like a big wardrobe with hundreds of coats and breeches and embroidered shirts. The King ordered his attendants to bring the costumes down one by one and place them before the Fox.

They began with the plainer clothes.

"Good enough for most people," the Fox said, "but not for my master."

Then they took down garments of a finer grade.

"I'm afraid you're going to all this trouble for nothing," the Fox said. "Frankly now, don't you

realize that my master couldn't possibly put on any of these things!"

The King, who had hoped to keep for his own use his most gorgeous clothes of all, now ordered these to be shown.

The Fox looked at them sideways, sniffed them critically, and at last said, "Well, perhaps my master would consent to wear these for a few days. They are not what he is accustomed to wear, but I will say this for him: he is not proud."

The King was overjoyed.

"Very well, my dear Fox, I'll have the guest chambers put in readiness for your master's visit and I'll have all these, my finest clothes, laid out for him. You won't disappoint me, will you?"

"I'll do my best," the Fox promised.

With that he bade the King a civil good day and ran home to Mikko.

The next day as the Princess was peeping out of an upper window of the castle, she saw a young woodsman approaching, accompanied by a Fox. He was a fine stalwart youth, and the Princess, who knew from the presence of the Fox that he must be Mikko, gave a long sigh and confided to her

serving-maid, "I think I could fall in love with that young man if he really were only a woodsman!"

Later when she saw him arrayed in her father's finest clothes—which looked so well on Mikko that no one even recognized them as the King's—she lost her heart completely, and when Mikko was presented to her she blushed and trembled just as any ordinary girl might before a handsome young man.

All the Court was equally delighted with Mikko. The ladies went into ecstasies over his modest manners, his fine figure, and the gorgeousness of his clothes, and the old graybeard councilors, nodding their heads in approval, said to each other, "Nothing of the coxcomb about this young fellow! In spite of his great wealth, see how politely he listens to us when we talk!"

The next day the Fox went privately to the King and said, "My master is a man of few words and quick judgment. He bids me tell you that your daughter, the Princess, pleases him mightily and that, with your approval, he will make his addresses to her at once."

The King was greatly agitated and began, "My dear Fox—"

But the Fox interrupted him to say, "Think the matter over carefully and give me your decision tomorrow."

So the King consulted with the Princess and with his councilors, and in a short time the marriage was arranged and the wedding ceremony actually performed!

"Didn't I tell you?" the Fox said, when he and Mikko were alone after the wedding.

"Yes," Mikko acknowledged, "you did promise that I should marry the Princess. But, tell me, now that I am married what am I to do? I can't live on here forever with my wife."

"Put your mind at rest," the Fox said. "I've thought of everything. Just do as I tell you and you'll have nothing to regret. Tonight say to the King, 'It is now only fitting that you should visit me and see for yourself the sort of castle over which your daughter is hereafter to be mistress!' "

When Mikko said this to the King, the King was overjoyed, for now that the marriage had actually taken place he was wondering whether he

hadn't perhaps been a little hasty. Mikko's words reassured him and he eagerly accepted the invitation.

On the morrow the Fox said to Mikko, "Now I'll run on ahead and get things ready for you."

"But where are you going?" Mikko said, frightened at the thought of being deserted by his little friend.

The Fox drew Mikko aside and whispered softly, "A few days' march from here there is a very gorgeous castle belonging to a wicked old dragon who is known as the Worm. I think the Worm's castle would just about suit you."

"I'm sure it would," Mikko agreed. "But how are we to get it away from the Worm?"

"Trust me," the Fox said. "All you need do is this: lead the King and his courtiers along the main highway until by noon tomorrow you reach a crossroads. Turn there to the left and go straight on until you see the tower of the Worm's castle. If you meet any men by the wayside, shepherds or the like, ask them whose men they are and show no surprise at their answer. So now, dear master, farewell until we meet again at your beautiful castle."

The little Fox trotted off at a smart pace, and Mikko and the Princess and the King, attended by the whole Court, followed in more leisurely fashion.

The little Fox, when he had left the main highway at the crossroads, soon met ten woodsmen with axes over their shoulders. They were all dressed in blue smocks of the same cut.

"Good day," the Fox said politely. "Whose men are you?"

"Our master is known as the Worm," the woodsmen told him.

"My poor, poor lads!" the Fox said, shaking his head sadly.

"What's the matter?" the woodsmen asked.

For a few moments the Fox pretended to be too overcome with emotion to speak. Then he said, "My poor lads, don't you know that the King is coming with a great force to destroy the Worm and all his people?"

The woodsmen were simple fellows, and this news threw them into great consternation.

"Is there no way for us to escape?" they asked.

The Fox put his paw to his head and thought.

"Well," he said at last, "there is one way you might escape, and that is by telling every one who asks you that you are the Mighty Mikko's men. But if you value your lives, never again say that your master is the Worm."

"We are Mighty Mikko's men!" the woodsmen at once began repeating over and over. "We are Mighty Mikko's men!"

A little farther on the road the Fox met twenty grooms, dressed in the same blue smocks, who were tending a hundred beautiful horses. The Fox talked to the twenty grooms as he had talked to the woodsmen, and before he left them, they, too, were shouting, "We are Mighty Mikko's men!"

Next the Fox came to a huge flock of a thousand sheep tended by thirty shepherds all dressed in the Worm's blue smocks. He stopped and talked to them until he had them roaring out, "We are Mighty Mikko's men!"

Then the Fox trotted on until he reached the castle of the Worm. He found the Worm himself inside, lolling lazily about. He was a huge dragon and had been a great warrior in his day. In fact his castle and his lands and his servants and his

possessions had all been won in battle. But now for many years no one had cared to fight him, and he had grown fat and lazy.

"Good day," the Fox said, pretending to be very breathless and frightened. "You're the Worm, aren't you?"

"Yes," the dragon said, boastfully, "I am the great Worm!"

The Fox pretended to grow more agitated.

"My poor fellow, I am sorry for you! But of course none of us can expect to live forever. Well, I must hurry along. I thought I would just stop and say good-by."

Made uneasy by the Fox's words, the Worm cried out, "Wait just a minute! What's the matter?"

The Fox was already at the door, but at the Worm's entreaty he paused and said over his shoulder, "Why, my poor fellow, you surely know, don't you, that the King with a great force is coming to destroy you and all your people!"

"What!" the Worm gasped, turning a sickly green with fright. He knew he was fat and help-

less and could never again fight as in the years gone by.

"Don't go just yet!" he begged the Fox. "When is the King coming?"

"He's on the highway now! That's why I must be going! Good-by!"

"My dear Fox, stay just a moment and I'll reward you richly! Help me to hide so that the King won't find me! What about the shed where the linen is stored? I could crawl under the linen, and then if you locked the door from the outside the King could never find me."

"Very well," the Fox agreed, "but we must hurry!"

So they ran outside to the shed where the linen was kept and the Worm hid himself under the linen. The Fox locked the door, then set fire to the shed, and soon there was nothing left of that old dragon, the Worm, but a handful of ashes.

The Fox now called together the dragon's household and talked them over to Mikko as he had the woodsmen and the grooms and the shepherds.

Meanwhile the King and his party were slowly

covering the ground over which the Fox had sped so quickly. When they came to the ten woodsmen in blue smocks, the King said, "I wonder whose woodsmen those are."

One of his attendants asked the woodsmen, and the ten of them shouted out at the top of their voices, "We are Mighty Mikko's men!"

Mikko said nothing, and the King and all the Court were impressed anew with his modesty.

A little farther on they met the twenty grooms with their hundred prancing horses. When the grooms were questioned, they answered with a shout, "We are Mighty Mikko's men!"

"The Fox certainly spoke the truth," the King thought to himself, "when he told me of Mikko's riches!"

A little later the thirty shepherds when they were questioned made answer in a chorus that was deafening to hear, "We are Mighty Mikko's men!"

The sight of the thousand sheep that belonged to his son-in-law made the King feel poor and humble in comparison, and the courtiers whispered among themselves, "For all his simple manner, Mighty Mikko must be a richer, more powerful

lord than the King himself! In fact it is only a very great lord indeed who could be so simple!"

At last they reached the castle, which, from the blue-smocked soldiers who guarded the gateway, they knew to be Mikko's. The Fox came out to welcome the King's party, and behind him in two rows all the household servants. These, at a signal from the Fox, cried out in one voice, "We are Mighty Mikko's men!"

Then Mikko in the same simple manner that he would have used in his father's mean little hut in the woods bade the King and his followers welcome, and they all entered the castle, where they found a great feast already prepared and waiting.

The King stayed on for several days, and the more he saw of Mikko the better pleased he was that he had him for a son-in-law.

When he was leaving he said to Mikko, "Your castle is so much grander than mine that I hesitate at ever asking you back for a visit."

But Mikko reassured the King by saying earnestly, "My dear father-in-law, when first I entered your castle I thought it the most beautiful castle in the world."

The King was flattered and the courtiers whispered among themselves, "How affable of him to say that when he knows very well how much grander his own castle is!"

When the King and his followers were safely gone, the little red Fox came to Mikko and said, "Now, my master, you have no reason to feel sad and lonely. You are lord of the most beautiful castle in the world, and you have for wife a sweet and lovely princess. You have no longer any need of me, so I am going to bid you farewell."

Mikko thanked the little Fox for all he had done, and the little Fox trotted off to the woods.

So you see that Mikko's poor old father, although he had no wealth to leave his son, was really the cause of all Mikko's good fortune, for it was he who told Mikko in the first place to carry home alive anything he might find caught in the snares.

THE LEGEND OF SCARFACE

BY

GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL

THE LEGEND OF SCARFACE[1]

IN THE earliest times there was no war. All the tribes were at peace. In those days there was a man who had a daughter, a very beautiful girl. Many young men wanted to marry her, but every time she was asked, she only shook her head and said she did not want a husband.

"How is this?" asked her father. "Some of these young men are rich, handsome and brave."

"Why should I marry?" replied the girl. "I have a rich father and mother. Our lodge is good. The parfleches are never empty. There are plenty of tanned robes and soft furs for winter. Why worry me, then?"

[1] Reprinted by special permission of Charles Scribner's Sons. From *Blackfoot Lodge Tales,* by George Bird Grinnell.

The Raven Bearers held a dance; they all dressed carefully and wore their ornaments, and each one tried to dance the best. Afterward some of them asked for this girl, but still she said no. Then the Bulls, the Kit-foxes, and others of the I-kun-uh-kah-tsi held their dances, and all those who were rich, many great warriors, asked this man for his daughter, but to every one of them she said no. Then her father was angry and said, "Why, now, this way? All the best men have asked for you, and still you say no."

"Father! Mother!" replied the girl. "Pity me. Now hear the truth. That Above Person, the Sun, told me, 'Do not marry any of those men, for you are mine; thus shall you be happy, and live to great age'; and again he said, 'Take heed. You must not marry. You are mine.' "

"Ah," replied her father. "It must always be as he says." And they talked no more about it.

There was a poor young man, very poor. His father, mother, all his relations, had gone to the Sand Hills. He had no lodge, no wife to tan his robes or sew his moccasins. He stopped in one lodge

today, and tomorrow he ate and slept in another; thus he lived. He was a good-looking young man, except that on his cheek he had a scar.

After those dances some of the young men met this poor Scarface, and they laughed at him and said, "Why don't you ask that girl to marry you? You are so rich and handsome!" Scarface did not laugh; he replied, "Ah! I will do as you say. I will go and ask her." All the young men thought this was funny. They laughed a great deal. But Scarface went down by the river. He waited by the river, where the women came to get water, and by-and-by the girl came along. "Girl," he said, "wait. I want to speak with you. Not as a designing person do I ask you, but openly, where the Sun looks down, and all may see."

"Speak then," said the girl.

"I have seen the days," continued the young man. "You have refused those who are young, and rich, and brave. Now, today, they laughed and said to me, 'Why do you not ask her?' I am poor, very poor. I have no lodge, no food, no clothes, no robes and warm furs. I have no relations; all have

gone to the Sand Hills; yet now, today, I ask you, take pity, be my wife."

The girl hid her face in her robe and brushed the ground with the point of her moccasin, back and forth, back and forth; for she was thinking. After a time she said, "True. I have refused all those rich young men, and yet now the poor one asks me, and I am glad. I will be your wife, and my people will be happy. You are poor, but it does not matter. My father will give you dogs. My mother will make us a lodge. My people will give us robes and furs. You will be poor no longer."

Then the young man was happy, and he started to kiss her, but she held him back, and said, "Wait! The Sun has spoken to me. He says I may not marry; that I belong to him. He says if I listen to him, I shall live to great age. But now I say, go to the Sun. Tell him, 'She whom you spoke with heeds your words. She has never done wrong, but now she wants to marry. I want her for my wife.' Ask him to take that scar from your face. That will be his sign. I will know he is pleased. But if he refuses, or if you fail to find his lodge, then do not return to me."

"Oh!" cried the young man. "At first your words were good. I was glad. But now it is dark. My heart is dead. Where is that far-off lodge? Where the trail which no one yet has traveled?"

"Take courage, take courage!" said the girl; and she went to her lodge.

Scarface was very sad. He sat down and covered his head with his robe and tried to think what to do. After a while he got up and went to an old woman who had been kind to him.

"Pity me," he said. "I am very poor. I am going away now on a long journey. Make me some moccasins."

"Where are you going?" asked the old woman. "There is no war; we are very peaceful here."

"I do not know where I shall go," replied Scarface. "I am in trouble, but I cannot tell you now what it is." So the old woman made him some moccasins, seven pairs, with parfleche soles, and also she gave him a sack of food—pemmican of berries, pounded meat, and dried back fat; for this old woman had a good heart. She liked the young man.

All alone, and with a sad heart, he climbed the

bluffs and stopped to take a last look at the camp. He wondered if he would ever see his sweetheart and the people again:

"Hai-yu! Pity me, O Sun," he prayed, and turning, he started to find the trail.

For many days he traveled on, over great prairies, along timbered rivers, and among the mountains, and every day his sack of food grew lighter; but he saved it as much as he could, and ate berries and roots, and sometimes he killed an animal of some kind. One night he stopped by the home of a wolf.

"Hai-yah!" said that one. "What is my brother doing so far from home?"

"Ah!" replied Scarface. "I seek the place where the Sun lives; I am sent to speak with him."

"I have traveled far," said the wolf. "I know all the prairies, the valleys, and the mountains, but I have never seen the Sun's home. Wait; I know one who is very wise. Ask the bear. He may tell you."

The next day the man traveled on again, stopping now and then to pick a few berries, and when night came he arrived at the bear's lodge.

"Where is your home?" asked the bear. "Why are you traveling alone, my brother?"

"Help me! Pity me!" replied the young man. "Because of her words I seek the Sun. I go to ask him for her."

"I know not where he stops," replied the bear. "I have traveled by many rivers, and I know the mountains, yet I have never seen his lodge. There is some one beyond, that striped-face, who is very smart. Go and ask him."

The badger was in his hole. Stooping over, the young man shouted, "O cunning striped-face! O generous animal! I wish to speak with you."

"What do you want?" said the badger, poking his head out of the hole.

"I want to find the Sun's home," replied Scarface. "I want to speak with him."

"I do not know where he lives," replied the badger. "I never travel very far. Over there in the timber is a wolverine. He is always traveling around, and is of much knowledge. Maybe he can tell you."

Then Scarface went to the woods and looked all

around for the wolverine, but could not find him. So he sat down to rest.

"Hai-yu! Hai-yu!" he cried. "Wolverine, take pity on me. My food is gone, my moccasins worn out. Now I must die."

"What is it, my brother?" he heard, and looking around, he saw the animal sitting near.

"She whom I would marry," said Scarface, "belongs to the Sun; I am trying to find where he lives, to ask him for her."

"Ah," said the wolverine, "I know where he lives. Wait; it is nearly night. Tomorrow I will show you the trail to the big water. He lives on the other side of it."

Early in the morning the wolverine showed him the trail, and Scarface followed it until he came to the water's edge. He looked out over it, and his heart almost stopped. Never before had any one seen such a big water. The other side could not be seen, and there was no end to it. Scarface sat down on the shore. His food was all gone, his moccasins worn out. His heart was sick. "I cannot cross this big water," he said. "I cannot return to the people. Here, by this water, I shall die."

Not so. His Helpers were there. Two swans came swimming up to the shore. "Why have you come here?" they asked him. "What are you doing? It is very far to the place where your people live."

"I am here," replied Scarface, "to die. Far away, in my country, is a beautiful girl. I want to marry her, but she belongs to the Sun. So I started to find him and ask for her. I have traveled many days. My food is gone. I cannot go back. I cannot cross this big water, so I am going to die."

"No," said the swans; "it shall not be so. Across this water is the home of that Above Person. Get on our backs, and we will take you there."

Scarface quickly rose. He felt strong again. He waded out into the water and lay down on the swans' backs, and they started off. Very deep and black is that fearful water. Strange people live there, mighty animals which often seize and drown a person. The swans carried him safely and took him to the other side. Here was a broad, hard trail leading back from the water's edge.

"Kyi," said the swans. "You are now close to

the Sun's lodge. Follow that trail, and you will soon see it."

Scarface started up the trail, and pretty soon he came to some beautiful things lying in it. There was a war shirt, a shield, and a bow and arrows. He had never seen such pretty weapons, but he did not touch them. He walked carefully around them and traveled on. A little way farther on, he met a young man, the handsomest person he had ever seen. His hair was very long, and he wore clothing made of strange skins. His moccasins were sewn with bright-colored feathers. The young man said to him, "Did you see some weapons lying on the trail?"

"Yes," replied Scarface; "I saw them."

"But did you not touch them?" asked the young man.

"No; I thought some one had left them there, so I did not take them."

"You are not a thief," said the young man. "What is your name?"

"Scarface."

"Where are you going?"

"To the Sun."

"My name," said the young man, "is A-pi-su'-ahts—Morning Star. The Sun is my father; come, I will take you to our lodge. My father is not now at home, but he will come in at night." Soon they came to the lodge. It was very large and handsome; strange medicine animals were painted on it. Behind, on a tripod, were strange weapons and beautiful clothes—the Sun's. Scarface was ashamed to go in, but Morning Star said, "Do not be afraid, my friend; we are glad you have come."

They entered. One person was sitting there, Ko-ko-mik'-e-is, the Moon, Morning Star's mother. She spoke to Scarface kindly, and gave him something to eat. "Why have you come so far from your people?" she asked.

Then Scarface told her about the beautiful girl he wanted to marry. "She belongs to the Sun," he said. "I have come to ask him for her."

When it was time for the Sun to come home, the Moon hid Scarface under a pile of robes. As soon as the Sun got to the doorway, he stopped, and said, "I smell a person."

"Yes, father," said Morning Star; "a good young man has come to see you. I know he is good,

for he found some of my things on the trail and did not touch them."

Then Scarface came out from under the robes, and the Sun entered and sat down. "I am glad you have come to our lodge," he said. "Stay with us as long as you think best. My son is lonesome sometimes; be his friend."

The next day the Moon called Scarface out of the lodge and said to him, "Go with Morning Star where you please, but never hunt near that big water; do not let him go there. It is the home of great birds which have long, sharp bills; they kill people. I have had many sons, but these birds have killed them all. Morning Star is the only one left."

So Scarface stayed there a long time and hunted with Morning Star. One day they came near the water and saw the big birds.

"Come," said Morning Star, "let us go and kill those birds."

"No, no!" replied Scarface. "We must not go there. Those are very terrible birds; they will kill us."

Morning Star would not listen. He ran toward the water, and Scarface followed. He knew that

he must kill the birds and save the boy. If not, the Sun would be angry and might kill him. He ran ahead and met the birds, which were coming toward him to fight, and killed every one of them with his spear; not one was left. Then the young men cut off their heads and carried them home. Morning Star's mother was glad when they told her what they had done and showed her the birds' heads. She cried and called Scarface "my son." When the Sun came home at night, she told him about it, and he too was glad. "My son," he said to Scarface, "I will not forget what you have this day done for me. Tell me now, what can I do for you?"

"Hai-yu," replied Scarface. "Hai-yu, pity me. I am here to ask you for that girl. I want to marry her. I asked her, and she was glad; but she says you own her, that you told her not to marry."

"What you say is true," said the Sun. "I have watched the days, so I know it. Now, then, I give her to you; she is yours. I am glad she has been wise. I know she has never done wrong. The Sun pities good women. They shall live a long time. Let me tell you something. Be wise, and listen; I

am the only chief. Everything is mine. I made the earth, the mountains, prairies, rivers, and forests. I made the people and all the animals. This is why I say I alone am the chief. I can never die. True, the winter makes me old and weak, but every summer I grow young again."

Then said the Sun:

"What one of all animals is smartest? The raven is, for he always finds food. He is never hungry. Which one of all the animals is most Nat-o'-ye—of the Sun? The buffalo is. Of all animals, I like him best. He is for the people. He is your food and your shelter. What part of his body is sacred? The tongue is. That is mine. What else is sacred? Berries are. They are mine, too. Come with me and see the world."

He took Scarface to the edge of the sky, and they looked down and saw it. It is round and flat, and all around the edge is the jumping-off place. Then said the Sun:

"When any man is sick or in danger, his wife may promise to build me a lodge, if he recovers. If the woman is pure and true, then I will be pleased and help the man. But if she is bad, if she lies,

then I will be angry. You shall build the lodge like the world, round, with walls, but first you must build a sweat house of a hundred sticks. It shall be like the sky, and half of it shall be painted red. That is me. The other half you will paint black. That is the night."

Further said the Sun: "Which is the best, the heart or the brain? The brain is. The heart often lies, the brain never."

Then he told Scarface everything about making the Medicine Lodge, and when he had finished, he rubbed a powerful medicine on his face, and the scar disappeared. Then he gave him two raven feathers, saying, "These are the sign for the girl, that I give her to you. They must always be worn by the husband of the woman who builds a Medicine Lodge."

The young man was now ready to return home. Morning Star and the Sun gave him many beautiful presents. The Moon cried and kissed him, and called him "my son." Then the Sun showed him the short trail. It was the Wolf Road—the Milky Way. He followed it, and soon reached the ground.

It was a very hot day. All the lodge skins were

raised, and the people sat in the shade. There was a chief, a very generous man, and all day long people kept coming to his lodge to feast and smoke with him. Early in the morning this chief saw a person sitting out on a butte near by, close wrapped in his robe. The chief's friends came and went, the sun reached the middle, and passed on, down toward the mountains. Still this person did not move. When it was almost night, the chief said, "Why does this person sit there so long? The heat has been strong, but he has never eaten nor drunk. He may be a stranger; go, and ask him in."

So some young men went up to him and said, "Why do you sit here in the great heat all day? Come to the shade of the lodges. The chief asks you to feast with him."

Then the person arose and threw off his robe, and they were surprised. He wore beautiful clothes. His bow, shield, and other weapons were of strange make. But they knew his face, although the scar was gone, and they ran ahead, shouting, "The scarface poor young man has come. He is no longer poor. The scar on his face is gone."

All the people rushed out to see him. "Where

have you been?" they asked. "Where did you get all those pretty things?" He did not answer. There in the crowd stood that young woman; and taking the two raven feathers from his head, he gave them to her, and said, "The trail was very long, and I nearly died, but by those Helpers, I found his lodge. He is glad. He sends these feathers to you. They are the sign."

Great was her gladness then. They were married, and made the first Medicine Lodge, as the Sun had said. The Sun was glad. He gave them great age. They were never sick. When they were very old, one morning their children said, "Awake! Rise and eat." They did not move. In the night, in sleep, without pain, their shadows had departed for the Sand Hills.

j
Davis, M. G.
Baker's dozen

Date Due			
Aug 27 '60			
Nov 28 '60			
Feb 25 '61			
May 17 '61			
Jul 5 '61			
Jun 2 '62			
Oct 24 62			

Providence
Public Library
BOYS' & GIRLS' LIBRARY

To take a book from the Library witho
having it charged is an offense against t
rights of other readers, and a violation of t
rules of the Library and the laws of the Stat

Examine this book carefully before taki
it home. If found to be damaged or needi
repairs, report it. Otherwise, you will be he
responsible for its condition.